

# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.

IN MEMORIAM NUMBER



QUEEN MARY





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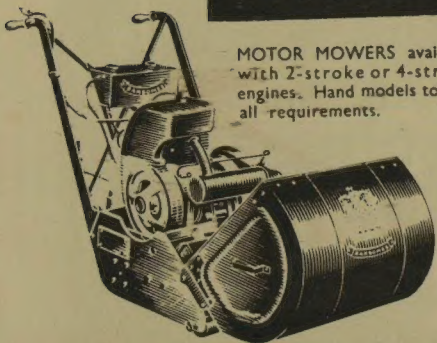
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SATURDAY

THE ILLUSTRATED

APRIL 4, 1953.

# LONDON NEWS

IN MEMORIAM: HER MAJESTY QUEEN MARY (1867-1953)



THE PASSING OF A GREAT QUEEN, ON MARCH 24, 1953  
ONE OF THE LAST PHOTOGRAPHS OF QUEEN MARY.



# QUEEN MARY.

THE LIFE AND CHARACTER OF A GREAT AND BELOVED ROYAL LADY.

By SIR CHARLES PETRIE, Bt.

FEW lives have spanned so many political and social changes as did the life of Queen Mary. When she was born, on May 26, 1867, the most brilliant Court in Europe was not that of Queen Victoria at Buckingham Palace, but that of Napoleon III. and the Empress Eugénie at the Tuileries; united Germany did not exist; and there were many veterans of Trafalgar and Waterloo to be found in all classes of society. The Prime Minister was the Earl of Derby, and he had been born in the year in which Bonaparte became First Consul. It was not the least of Queen Mary's contributions to English life that she came to represent in a revolutionary age the traditions and continuity of a more stable existence which were in danger of being forgotten, and the force of her example grew with the passing of the years.

Queen Mary's background was cosmopolitan, and this fact was to be of great value to her throughout her life. Her birthplace was Kensington Palace, and her father was the Duke of Teck, the only child of the marriage of Duke Alexander of Württemberg to Claudine, Countess Rhedey, who was descended from the Arpad Kings of Hungary. The Duke of Teck was brought up in Vienna, and for a time served in the 7th Imperial Hussars of the Austrian Army: in this way he acquired the cultured outlook of the old aristocracy of the Habsburg monarchy, and much of this he was to transmit to his daughter. In due course he left the Austrian service, and ended his military career as a British Major-General. His wife, Queen Mary's mother, was the child of the Duke of Cambridge, the youngest son of George III., so that Queen Mary was by birth a close relative of the British Royal family.

In spite of their illustrious ancestry and connections, the Duke and Duchess of Teck were far from being in affluent circumstances, and there was never much money available when their children were growing up. Queen Victoria had placed apartments in Kensington Palace at their disposal, but the Duchess was neither a good nor an economical manager, and towards the end of the future Queen Mary's schoolroom days it became necessary for her parents to economise by living in Florence for a time.

Princess May, as she was then called, made very good use of her time in Italy, for not only did she learn the language, but it was there that she laid the foundations of her life-long interest in, and very wide knowledge of, works of art. Some of her qualities and characteristics she may have inherited from her mother, but at least as many more were a reaction from her example. The Duchess of Teck, like Queen Alexandra, was notorious for her unpunctuality, whereas her daughter was invariably on time. In consequence of her upbringing, Queen Mary never found simple domestic questions to be beyond her ken, and she often displayed a passion for detail in such matters. When the Prince of Wales was an undergraduate at Oxford she was one day going through his accounts with his servant, and came across the daily item of one penny. On being asked what this item of expenditure represented, the man replied, "His Royal Highness's morning apple." Little escaped her at any period of her life.

In their early years Princess May and her three brothers naturally saw a good deal of their cousins at Marlborough House, so no great surprise was occasioned anywhere when, on December 3, 1891, it was announced that she had become engaged to the Duke of Clarence, the elder son of

the then Prince of Wales, later King Edward VII. The engagement was not, however, destined to be a long one, for within six weeks the Duke of Clarence had died of pneumonia. Over a year later, in May 1893, she was betrothed to his brother, George, Duke of York. It would be idle to pretend that this apparently sudden transfer of affection did not rouse criticism in some quarters, but *The Times* probably represented contemporary opinion when it said: "The predominant feeling, now that a sufficient interval has elapsed since the melancholy death of the Duke of Clarence, will be that this betrothal accords with the fitness of things, and, so far from offending any legitimate sentiment, is the most appropriate and delicate medication for a wound in its nature never wholly effaceable."

Of one thing there can be no question, and it is that the marriage was a happy one from first to last, for in many ways the bride supplied just those qualities which the bridegroom lacked. "She strikes me," Queen Victoria wrote to the Empress Frederick, "more and more as very clever and so sensible and right-minded, and is a great help to Georgie. Helping him in his speeches, and what he has to write." The Duke of York had need of just such a wife. A professional sailor, he had little interest in, or knowledge of, the world outside the Royal Navy, and when he suddenly found himself second heir to the throne his feelings were those of frank bewilderment. Princess May gave him that self-confidence which he had hitherto lacked, for to quote Sir Harold Nicolson: "She shared all his burdens and all his confidences; she halved his sorrows and enhanced his joys."

Those early years of married life were not too easy for the young Duchess of York. She had her growing family, it is true, but outside the nursery her independence ended. The whole Royal family lived under the auspices of Queen Victoria, with whom she was fortunately always on the best of terms, but the newly-married couple spent most of their time at York Cottage, Sandringham, and there the predominating influence was that of the Prince and Princess of Wales. Their tastes were not always those of their daughter-in-law, but the Duke of York would hear no criticism of his father, for whom his feelings were of a respect and a devotion rare in any family, but almost unparalleled in the annals of the British Royal House. It took time for a girl brought up as Princess May had been to get accustomed to these new surroundings, and all the evidence goes to show that she found the process of adaptation somewhat difficult.

She had, however, time to acclimatise herself before, in 1901, Queen Victoria died, and her husband became the Heir Apparent. This event brought an independence that had not previously existed, for King Edward VII. treated his son in a different way from that in which he had himself been regarded by his mother. The affection of the younger man was repaid by the confidence of the older. The King, too, was quick to realise that the bounds of Empire were widening, and his son and daughter-in-law paid several visits to the British possessions overseas, thereby gaining information and experience which were to stand them in very good stead in the years which lay before them. The magnificence of King Edward, his charm, and his tact were attributes which the new Prince and Princess of Wales could never emulate; but though they moved in different worlds, there was never a gulf between them, and during the last year or two of the King's [Continued overleaf.]

## THE MARRIAGE OF QUEEN MARY.



AFTER THEIR WEDDING ON JULY 6, 1893: GEORGE, DUKE OF YORK AND HIS BRIDE, THE FORMER PRINCESS MAY OF TECK, AT BUCKINGHAM PALACE.

The marriage of Queen Mary, then Princess May of Teck, to George, Duke of York, afterwards Prince of Wales and subsequently King George V., took place on July 6, 1893, at the Chapel Royal, St. James's Palace. The bridegroom was in naval uniform, and the bride wore a white and silver brocade dress with a design of clustered roses, thistles and shamrocks, adorned with trails of orange blossom. Her veil was of Honiton lace, and her jewels included a necklace of fine diamonds and bracelets, while her headdress was of orange blossom. Further illustrations of the wedding day scenes, and a group with the bridesmaids, appear on another page of this issue.

## TO OUR READERS.

OWING to the Easter interruption of our normal printing schedule and the much increased printing order for this In Memoriam Number dedicated to her late Majesty Queen Mary, it has been necessary to go to Press at an earlier date than is usual.

This unfortunately makes it impossible to include any photographs of her Majesty's Lying-in-State in Westminster Hall and funeral ceremonies at Windsor.

THESE WILL BE FULLY ILLUSTRATED IN OUR ISSUE DATED APRIL 11, WHICH WILL BE ON SALE AT THE USUAL PRICE OF 2S.





**QUEEN MARY AS EVERYONE KNEW HER AND WILL LONG REMEMBER HER—ERECT, STATELY AND GRACIOUS.**

Her late Majesty Queen Mary, whose loss strikes home to every heart with a note of personal grief, was a figure equally well-known and well-beloved. Her taste in dress was personal, and she did not follow fashion slavishly, but kept to a dignified style which suited her. She preferred pale pastel colours which went with her lovely silver hair and fair complexion; and usually wore some form of toque rather

than a hat, so that her face was not obscured from view at any angle. She habitually carried a long umbrella or a parasol, according to the season, never wore exaggeratedly high heels, and favoured pearl earrings for day wear. Our photograph, taken in 1941, shows her late Majesty as she was in her early seventies. It is a typical portrait of her as this generation knew her and will long remember her



*Continued.*

life he relied much on his son's common sense and balanced judgment, for whatever the latter might say at any period of his career he could always be relied upon to do the right thing.

Then, after that Indian Summer of the nineteenth-century world, represented in Britain by the short reign of King Edward VII., came the accession of King George V. For the next twenty-five years there were uncharted seas to navigate, and that they were navigated so successfully was in no small measure due to Queen Mary. She soon appreciated that an age which, for better or worse, was changing its outlook demanded a different conception of kingship from that of her father-in-law, or of her father's old friend Francis Joseph in Vienna. It was her supreme merit that she brought this about without debasing the Crown, or weakening any of the old attributes and traditions of the monarchy. It is probably not too much to say that in these matters the King followed where the Queen led, for King George V. developed late, unlike the Stuarts but like most of the Coburgs. His eldest son was to be an exception in this respect, as in many others, but King George VI. maintained the family tradition.

In this connection it must be remembered that when King Edward VII. died in 1910, the Prince of Wales was by no means well known. The dead monarch had been one of the most successful practitioners of royalty in modern times, and his death seemed to leave a gap that could not be filled. There was in many quarters a definite feeling of pessimism as to the way in which his successor would play his part; while Queen Mary had to recognise the fact that her mother-in-law, Queen Alexandra, had been very dear to the hearts of the British people ever since she first came from Denmark as a young bride. It was against such a background that the new King and Queen were called upon to interpret their rôle.

One great asset Queen Mary possessed, and that was tireless energy combined with very considerable powers of observation. On one occasion

she was driving back to Buckingham Palace after opening a new building in the neighbourhood of Campden Hill, and she asked to be taken along streets which she did not know. The car passed through some very mean thoroughfares, and in one of them she saw a number of men sitting on a staircase outside a house. The Queen stopped, and sent someone in to find out what was happening. She was told that the men were waiting, in turn, to occupy a bed on which they could sleep for a penny an hour. The Royal car then drove on, but before the day was over the Queen had investigated the matter, and the appropriate authorities were taking the necessary action. The incident was typical, not exceptional. From her earliest days

she had possessed a marked social conscience. On the other hand, Queen Mary had not that zest for society which had been so prominent a characteristic of her father-in-law, nor were she and her husband continually on the move from one house to another as he and Queen Alexandra had been. Their favourite residence was their old home, York Cottage. Queen Alexandra retained the big house at Sandringham until her death in 1925, and the smaller one coincided very well with their tastes, cramped as it was at times. "They showed me," Archbishop Lang had written some years before, "over their little house with a quite charming and almost naïve keenness. It might have been a curate and his wife in their new home." Simplicity combined with dignity—for no one could be more regal than Queen Mary should the occasion demand it—and a devotion to duty were to be the keystones of the new reign, and they also formed a close bond between King and Queen.

Queen Mary had, it may be observed, one strength in common with Queen Victoria, in that she never fell a prey to the sycophant, and she always turned a deaf ear to the flatterer. One of her ladies-in-waiting once said of her: "It is not only that she attracts people of character. It is more than that. One could not be near to the King or Queen without developing character. Nobody could serve them without growing. They give the best that is in them and, somehow, one finds oneself giving the best that is in oneself. The Queen makes character in those who are near her. It is a privilege to serve her and be near her. One realises, slowly, that only the best is good enough for her, and she inspires one to grow in capacity to give the best in return."

Only four years elapsed before the coming of the First World War, and they were at once too short and too troubled for the public fully to appreciate the quality of leadership possessed by their new monarchs. What is truly remarkable is that the conflict, which overturned so many thrones, definitely strengthened the position of King George and Queen Mary both in Britain itself and in the Commonwealth. It brought them nearer to the people in more ways than one, and it was extremely rare for them to strike anything but the right note. Common dangers suffered

together resulted in common memories which knit rulers and ruled ever closer; so it is in no way surprising that when, on the morning of November 11, 1918, the news of the Armistice became known, the first thought of the Londoner was to go to Buckingham Palace in his tens of thousands, and acclaim the King and Queen.

In the difficult post-war years it was the same, and if there had been any doubt as to the affection in which the King and Queen were held, it was set at rest by the wave of loyalty and grief that swept both the kingdom and the Commonwealth when, in 1928, it was announced that the King was seriously ill. Then, in the sympathy felt for Queen Mary, was seen the place that she, too, had won for herself in the hearts of her husband's subjects: it was a revelation that must have alleviated the tension caused by the alternating hopes and fears raised by the King's long illness.

It has never been suggested that Queen Mary at any time made the slightest effort to influence the King or his Ministers in the field of politics, and she had far too deep a knowledge of the working of the Constitution to do any such thing; but in one respect she did express a decided opinion, and that was where the Prince of Wales was concerned. His mother followed with increasing anxiety the world tours which the Government arranged for her eldest son, and she made no secret of her opinion that he would lose all power of ever settling down if this restless career went on. Her warnings remained unheeded, and the Prince duly visited Canada, Australia and New Zealand, as well as the United States. So successful did these journeys appear to be that the Ministers decided he should go to India, where the political situation was rapidly deteriorating: once more Queen Mary protested, and once more she was over-ruled. As Mr. Hector Bolitho has well put it: "For most British people the estrangement of King Edward came suddenly, during the dark month of 1936, but for his mother it began ten years before, when an eager and shortsighted Government exploited her son's charm and talents to the full, sending him hurrying when he should have remained with his parents to grow more and more into the strength of their family example."

The triumph of the Silver Jubilee of the reign in 1935 was followed in January of the following year by the death of King George V. The final entry in the diary which he had kept since 1880 is in Queen Mary's handwriting, and it runs as follows: "My dearest husband, King George V., was much distressed at the bad writing above and begged me to write his diary for him next day. He passed away on January 20th at 5 minutes before midnight."

In due course Queen Mary moved from Buckingham Palace into her old home at Marlborough House, but although she lived in semi-retirement her term of public service was by no means at an end. The upbringing of her eldest son had produced the consequences which she had feared and foreseen, and

within less than twelve months of his father's death he had abdicated. At that tragic moment Queen Mary addressed a message to the subjects "of him," to quote the then Mr. Baldwin, "who is still King, but who will cease to be King in a few short hours." She spoke of the sympathy which had been given to her: "I need not speak to you of the distress which fills a mother's heart when I think that my dear son has deemed it to be his duty to lay down his charge, and that the reign which had begun with so much hope and promise has now suddenly ended." Then she went on: "I commend to you his brother, summoned so unexpectedly and in circumstances so painful, to take his place."

She did not content herself with mere words, and it is at least arguable that of all the services which she performed for the country the most notable were during these years when she did so much to revive the nation's confidence in the Throne. No one knew better than Queen Mary the damage which had been done to the monarchy by the abdication of King Edward VIII., and she set to work at once to restore the situation. She placed her experience and her popularity at the disposal of the new King and Queen, and in the early days of their reign this was one of their most valuable assets. When they had to be away from London on official duties she devoted herself to Princess Elizabeth, whom she took to many places of historic or artistic interest. She was the connecting-link between Queen Victoria and the young girl who was to be, sooner than most people realised, Queen Elizabeth II.

There have been many Queens Consort in English history who have played their part in its moulding, but it is surely safe to say that none of them were quite of the calibre of Queen Mary. As wife, mother and grandmother she was always equal to whatever the occasion demanded of her, and in a changing world she seemed the embodiment of those values that are eternal. In the darkest hour she never despaired of the country or of the monarchy, and by her example she rallied the courage of others. Queen Mary was once described in an American journal as "one of the few altogether admirable figures of our time," and that may well be her epitaph in history.



THE BEGINNING OF A MARRIAGE THAT "WAS A HAPPY ONE FROM FIRST TO LAST": THE MARRIAGE CEREMONY OF THE DUKE OF YORK AND PRINCESS VICTORIA MARY OF TECK (LATER KING GEORGE V. AND QUEEN MARY) IN THE CHAPEL ROYAL, ST. JAMES'S, ON JULY 6, 1893.

The marriage of the Duke of York and Princess May of Teck took place on July 6, 1893, in a morning described at the time as "Queen's weather at its best." The ceremony was held in the Chapel Royal, St. James's Palace, and was conducted by the Archbishop of Canterbury, Dr. Benson. There were many representatives of foreign Royalty present, including the King and Queen of Denmark, the Tsarevitch of Russia, the Grand Duke of Hesse, the Crown Prince of Belgium, Prince and Princess Henry of Prussia and General von Zeppelin, representing the King of Württemberg. The young Duke of York was attended by his father, the Prince of Wales, and his uncle, the Duke of Edinburgh; while the bridesmaids were the Princesses Victoria and Maud of Wales, Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein, the Princesses Victoria, Alexandra and Beatrice of Edinburgh, the Princesses Margaret and Victoria Patricia of Connaught and the Princesses Alice and Victoria of Battenberg. The dominant figure at the ceremony was, naturally, Queen Victoria, who can be seen, seated, with the Prince of Wales (King Edward VII.) behind her and the Princess of Wales at her side. Archbishop Benson is just pronouncing the Duke and Duchess of York man and wife; and immediately to his right can be seen the bride's parents, the Duke and Duchess of Teck.

Reproduced from "The Illustrated London News" Royal Wedding Number of July 10, 1893.





**SAD AND ANXIOUS VISITORS TO MARLBOROUGH HOUSE:  
ROYAL AND DISTINGUISHED CALLERS ON MARCH 24.**



THE ELDEST SON OF HER LATE MAJESTY QUEEN MARY: H.R.H. THE DUKE OF WINDSOR, WHO THRICE VISITED MARLBOROUGH HOUSE ON THE DAY OF HIS MOTHER'S LAST ILLNESS.

DAUGHTER-IN-LAW OF HER LATE MAJESTY: H.R.H. THE DUCHESS OF KENT, WIDOW OF QUEEN MARY'S FOURTH SON, WITH TWO OF HER CHILDREN, THE DUKE OF KENT AND PRINCESS ALEXANDRA, WHO WERE AT MARLBOROUGH HOUSE FROM 2.30 UNTIL 5.45.



GRANDDAUGHTERS OF H.M. QUEEN MARY: H.M. THE QUEEN AND H.R.H. PRINCESS MARGARET WITH H.R.H. THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH, WHO DROVE TO MARLBOROUGH HOUSE AT 4.46 ON THE LAST DAY OF HER LATE MAJESTY'S LIFE.



DAUGHTER-IN-LAW OF QUEEN MARY: HER MAJESTY QUEEN ELIZABETH THE QUEEN MOTHER, WHO WAS AT MARLBOROUGH HOUSE FROM 3.9 P.M. TO 4.12.



THIRD SON AND DAUGHTER-IN-LAW OF QUEEN MARY: T.R.H. THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER, LEAVING MARLBOROUGH HOUSE, WHICH THEY VISITED ABOUT 6 P.M.



THE PRIMATE OF ALL ENGLAND: DR. FISHER, ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY, ARRIVING AT MARLBOROUGH HOUSE AT 2.41. HE REMAINED THERE UNTIL 3.45.

The crowd assembled outside Marlborough House on Tuesday, March 24, the last day of the life of Queen Mary, waited for the posting-up of bulletins in a state of growing anxiety and depression; and, as the day wore on, they saw cars drive up at intervals bearing members of the Royal family to make inquiries. Each relative was able to see Queen Mary for a few minutes. The Duchess of Kent and her two elder children arrived early in the afternoon, and were shortly followed

by the Duke of Windsor. The Archbishop of Canterbury then drove up and remained for over an hour; and then came Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother; and later the Queen with the Duke of Edinburgh and Princess Margaret. The Duke and Duchess of Gloucester were the next arrivals, and the Duke of Windsor paid a second visit just after six and came again at 10.28, just too late to see his mother alive for the last time. The Princess Royal arrived about 7 p.m.





THE FINAL BULLETIN: OUTSIDE MARLBOROUGH HOUSE AT 11.15 P.M. ON MARCH 24, WHEN THE SILENT, WAITING CROWDS LEARNT THAT THEIR BELOVED QUEEN MARY HAD DIED ABOUT AN HOUR BEFORE.

The first public news of Queen Mary's illness came in an announcement of March 2, which stated that she had been confined to bed during the preceding week by a recurrence of gastric trouble. Later announcements were reassuring until March 16, when it was stated that Queen Mary had had a less comfortable night and a less restful day; but again there was continued improvement, and on Monday, March 23, it was stated that announcements would be made from time to time instead of daily. On Tuesday, March 24, at 11.40 a.m., a bulletin stated that "Her Majesty's condition is causing anxiety"; and at 1.40 p.m. a second bulletin read: "During the past hours

Queen Mary's condition has become more grave. There has been a serious weakening of the heart action which gives rise to increasing anxiety." During the afternoon the Duchess of Kent called at Marlborough House and was followed a few minutes later by the Duke of Windsor. Next the Archbishop of Canterbury called and, like the Duke of Windsor, stayed about an hour. Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother arrived at 3.9 p.m., and the Queen, the Duke of Edinburgh and Princess Margaret at 4.46. The Duke and Duchess of Gloucester called about 6 p.m. and the Duke of Windsor paid a brief second call. The crowd, in the meanwhile, had been growing

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, BRYAN DE

outside Marlborough House and gathered to discuss in whispers the bulletin which appeared at 7 p.m. This read: "Queen Mary's strength is ebbing, but her Majesty is sleeping peacefully." A little after this the Princess Royal called, and as darkness thickened and the Guardsmen on sentry duty paced their beats, the crowd dwindled. But by about 10.30 p.m., when the Duke of Windsor paid his third visit of the day, the crowd had grown to about 500. At 11.10 p.m. the board was taken down and five minutes later replaced with the final bulletin, which read: "While sleeping peacefully, Queen Mary died at twenty minutes past ten o'clock." Like all the other

GRINEAU, WHO WAS PRESENT AT THE SCENE.

bulletins, this was signed by the two doctors, Sir Horace Evans and Lord Webb-Johnson. The crowd surged forward and for a while police struggled to form the people into an orderly line. As the news spread through the crowd men took off their hats and many women were in tears. Soon afterwards Queen Mary's personal standard, flying over Marlborough House, was hauled down. So, two months short of her eighty-sixth birthday, ended the long life of Queen Mary—a life spent in the service of her country and her family in such a way as to earn her the respect and love of millions of her subjects and the admiration of an even wider world public.









By ARTHUR BRYANT.

HOW often are we told by the pedants of a generation that grew up on the *Golden Bough* that Easter is an old pagan festival dimly associated with fertility rites and the earth mother! No doubt it is, or was, but once the great truth has been revealed that our remote ancestors were acquainted with the facts of life, there seems little to be gained by its repetition. The first discoverers of the truth were great scholars and the processes of their discovery, as all real scholarship is, intensely interesting. But amateur anthropologists and psychologists dilating in Third Programme voices on the significance of the Easter Egg are about as stimulating to the mind as a verbatim report of the speeches at a Trades Union Congress or a plenary session of the Security Council. It is all perfectly true, but we know it already. And I suspect that what the learned have to reveal about the beliefs of our pagan ancestors in the processes of animal reproduction amount to very little more than what is being discussed, without the prompting of any learning, by curious adolescents in the dormitories of a thousand public schools and at the street-corners of every industrial town, and that is also expressed week after week in popular pictorial form, and so remuneratively, in strip-cartoons of Sunday newspapers and comic magazines. It can all, of course, be proved with chapter and verse, but then what is the point of proving it? Many a limerick says it all, and says it better. What I was told about Easter when I was a child, growing up in an era that was still ostensibly Christian, seems to me in retrospect infinitely more interesting and significant. I did not realise it, of course, at the time; the best of what we learn in childhood usually only bears fruit long afterwards. But looking back over half-a-century of error and folly, I can begin to perceive the wisdom and profundity of what I was then taught.

What is the Easter story?—not the Easter of pagan peasants and magic men, but the Easter of the Christian Church, which adapted their feast and ritual and then turned it into something far more profound and revealing. It is that of a man, supremely noble, who believed and caused others to believe that He was a part of the Divine, who, revealing the nature of God as love, preached the all-importance of love, and who, at the crisis of His life on earth, was betrayed and abandoned by His own disciples, assailed with an intense, hysterical vilification and hatred by His fellow-countrymen and, bereft of love, loyalty and all seeming hope, was subjected, amid every circumstance of degradation and humiliation, to torment and a criminal's death. And in the hour of defeat and death—in the belief of those who were present in Jerusalem at the time and were best able to testify as to what happened in the extraordinary days that followed—rose from the dead and ascended into the Heaven of love and timeless life and comprehension whose nature He had spent his existence on earth in preaching and revealing. I have put the story on its lowest and most mundane level, have avoided the conventional language of theology, and have made no attempt to discuss its credibility. But I believe it to be true, and with at least as much reason, by the ordinary rules of historical evidence, as others believe it not to be true; just as I also believe the anthropologist's uninteresting story about the Easter Egg. And for another and more compelling reason I believe the Christian story of Easter to be true. For it happens to confirm everything that my own experience and growing apprehension of the realities of life compels me to believe if life has any significance at all. It tells me what I cannot now help knowing and shall before long experience: that defeat and death are certain: that in Adam all die. And though most of the so-called important matters with which we concern ourselves in our brief, transitory lives seem to be based on a completely contrary belief—or why should we concern ourselves with them?—a moment's serious reflection must convince even the dullest and least imaginative of us of the reality of that bleak, inescapable doom: one that lies ahead of every sentient creature in this death-doomed world. The defeat and death that came on that far away day of darkness to that poor betrayed Nazarene will come to each one of us,

whoever we may be, and whatever we may possess or believe. Every tick of the clock brings the inevitable a second nearer. And all whom we love are doomed in the same way; their end, like ours, is as certain as if they were sitting in the condemned cell; indeed, more so, for there can be no reprieve. The grave, the worm and the skeleton are our only future.

So much for the truth of the first part of the Easter story: of Christ's death and passion, and of the death and passion to which every man and woman alive is irretrievably sentenced. All our human powers of logic, deduction and observation confirm it absolutely and beyond any rational hope of denial. Christ, being man, was mortal and subject to death, just as every one of us, being man, is mortal and subject to it. And yet, though this is so, I am utterly incapable of believing in my inner consciousness that such an end is all I was born and exist for. Nor, I believe, if he is completely honest with himself, is there a single being in the world, whatever his religious beliefs or disbeliefs, who really believes it either. Something fundamental in our nature and consciousness causes us to reject it. We know, in other words, that two and two make four, and yet simultaneously believe that they cannot do so, because the equation makes nonsense of our own inner existence and that of the whole universe about us. There is a paradox here; we believe in death and yet we believe that death can in some inexplicable and mysterious way be overcome. And, when we reflect on this, the words

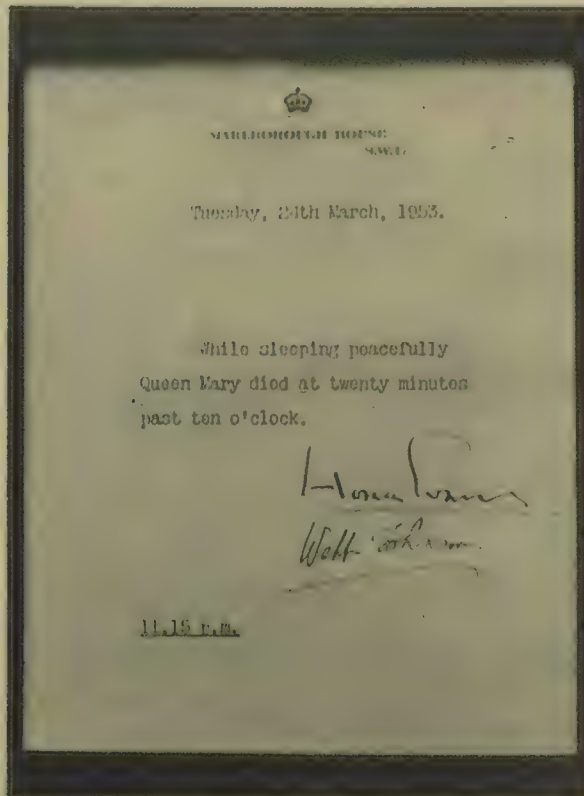
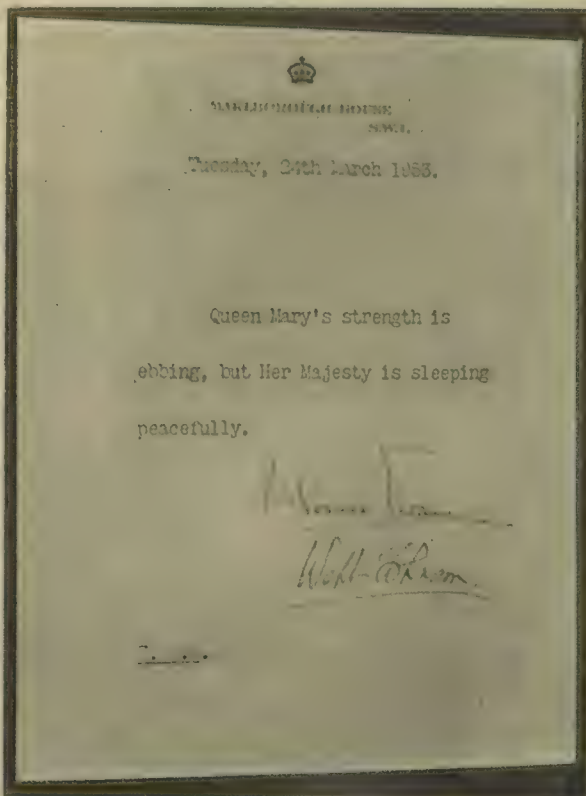
of Paul of Tarsus have a sudden and personal significance. "Christ being raised from the dead dieth no more; death hath no more dominion over him. For in that he died, he died unto sin once; but in that he liveth, he liveth unto God. Likewise reckon ye also yourselves to be dead indeed unto sin, but alive unto God through Jesus Christ our Lord." This is not just a form of words about something we believe or refuse to believe happened to an obscure religious teacher in Palestine 2000 years ago. It corresponds to something that we feel can happen in every man's personal experience, and can do so at the very hour that defeat and extinction in the material sense are most certain and imminent. For out of the agony of the mind and body there can arise, as by some sudden and spontaneous con-

flagration, a resurrection of the spirit. It is the recoil of the defeated out of which all great poetry springs and all truly heroic action.

But in the darkest hour of night,  
When even the foxes peer for sight,  
The byre-cock crows; he feels the light.\*

The sense of it is present at the end of all Shakespeare's tragedies: the "dying close and music at the fall" that place them at the summit of human artistic achievement. And since the story of Christ's death and resurrection corresponds so closely with the paradoxical and contradictory realities of human experience, may it not correspond, too, as we were told in childhood, with the realities—far beyond our limited mortal perception—of that which controls the universe and that we call God? If that heroic death was crowned, as we were taught to believe, with victory—and it was that belief which created the Christian Church and preserved for posterity the knowledge of Christ's life and teaching—the commemoration of it on Easter morning does not contradict but confirms that which life itself teaches every one of us. It is both the assurance that death can be overcome and that love can be made eternal, and the reminder of the way by which the seemingly impossible has been—and, therefore, can be—achieved for all our frail and doomed family of flesh. "Behold, I show you a mystery! The trumpet shall sound, and the dead be raised incorruptible; for this mortal must put on immortality. Then shall be brought to pass the saying that is written: 'Death is swallowed up in victory.'"

#### THE LAST BULLETINS FROM MARLBOROUGH HOUSE.



POSTED OUTSIDE MARLBOROUGH HOUSE AT 7 P.M. AND 11.15 P.M., RESPECTIVELY: A BULLETIN INDICATING THAT THE END WAS NEAR; AND THE ANNOUNCEMENT OF QUEEN MARY'S DEATH.

A silent crowd waiting outside Queen Mary's home on March 24 saw the final bulletins posted on the gates of Marlborough House. At 7 p.m. the announcement "Queen Mary's strength is ebbing" indicated that the end was close at hand; and at 11.10 p.m. the board was taken down and five minutes later was replaced with the final bulletin. The two doctors in attendance on Queen Mary during her last illness, Sir Horace Evans and Lord Webb-Johnson, signed the bulletins. Lord Webb-Johnson, who is seventy-two, was surgeon to Queen Mary from 1936. Sir Horace Evans, who is fifty, had been physician to Queen Mary since 1946, and to King George VI. from 1949; he specialises in kidney and arterial diseases.





QUEEN MARY'S LAST RESTING-PLACE AT THE SIDE OF HER HUSBAND, HIS LATE MAJESTY KING GEORGE V.: THE ROYAL TOMB IN ST. GEORGE'S CHAPEL, WINDSOR, ON THE NORTH SIDE OF THE NAVE.

In 1936 King Edward VIII. and Queen Mary commissioned a tomb for H.M. King George V., who had died in January of that year. In the spring of 1939 King George V.'s coffin was removed from the Royal vault in St. George's Chapel and placed in this tomb, which stands in the second westernmost bay on the north side of the nave. The sarcophagus of Clipsham stone was designed, by the late Sir Edwin Lutyens, P.R.A., to be also the last resting-place of Queen Mary, as can

be seen in the photograph on this page. The recumbent effigy of King George V., in white marble, and other carvings on the tomb are the work of Sir William Reid Dick. The effigy of Queen Mary has already been made by Sir William. It was done, as is customary, at the same time as that of her husband. Round the sides of the sarcophagus are the arms of King George V. and Queen Mary, as well as those of the Dominions and Colonies,





WITH HER FIRST THREE CHILDREN: QUEEN MARY, THEN DUCHESS OF YORK, WITH PRINCE EDWARD (DUKE OF WINDSOR), PRINCESS MARY (THE PRINCESS ROYAL) AND PRINCE ALBERT (KING GEORGE VI.) IN ABOUT 1899.



WITH THEIR FIRST-BORN SON, THE "DEAR FINE BABY" IDOLISED BY QUEEN VICTORIA: KING GEORGE V. AND QUEEN MARY (THEN DUKE AND DUCHESS OF YORK) WITH PRINCE EDWARD (DUKE OF WINDSOR)—A WATER-COLOUR SKETCH BY A. FORESTIER DONE FROM LIFE AT WHITE LODGE IN 1894.

THE eldest of their children, the future King Edward VIII. (now the Duke of Windsor), was born to the Duke and Duchess of York (King George V. and Queen Mary) on June 23, 1894, at White Lodge, in Richmond Park. This event, which caused widespread rejoicing, was fully reported in *The Illustrated London News* of June 30, 1894, as follows: "Midsummer Eve, on one of the first seasonable and genial days that have followed 'the winter of our discontent,' was most judiciously appointed by Lucina—a goddess manifestly favourable to Queen Victoria's family—for such an event as is delicately styled 'a good time'—a time of which we may truly say it is 'made glorious summer by the Sun of York'; the first-born son and heir of the Duke and Duchess of York, the Prince of Wales's grandson, her Majesty's great-grandson; destined, let all Englishmen and Englishwomen loyally hope, after many years to succeed to the throne of his father, his grandfather, and his great-grandmother, the fourth prosperous reign of a direct line, which some of us saw commenced in 1837, and which, if all the now contemporary lives be preserved as long as can reasonably be wished, shall cover much more than a century—God grant that the United Kingdom and the British Empire may be as safe and happy as they are now, *sua si bona nōrint*, when that long period has elapsed! On Saturday evening, June 23, at ten o'clock, her Royal Highness the Duchess of York, the Princess 'May,' or Victoria Mary of Teck, born at Kensington in May 1867, and married on July 6, 1893, to Prince George of Wales, Duke of York, gave birth to the babe whose advent is hailed with sincere rejoicing we believe, not only in this country and in the distant colonies and Eastern dominions of Queen Victoria's realms, but all over the civilised world. The stability of British royalty is the bond of this Empire; and there have been times in our national history when its prospects were endangered by an apparent deficiency of heirs suitable to our political conditions. It is doubtful whether England would have cheerfully, for the second time, have accepted a German monarch, another Elector or King of Hanover, in times not quite beyond the experience of our immediate forefathers. And if we go back two hundred years, to the date when a childless pair, William and Mary, and their successor Anne, who lost all her children, stood between the vindication of our civil liberties, with our established religion, and the Jacobite faction aided by



JUNE 23, 1894: THE PRESENTATION OF THE FUTURE KING EDWARD VIII. TO THE RIGHT HON. H. H. ASQUITH, HOME SECRETARY. THIS GROUP SHOWS (L. TO R.) THE DUKE OF TECK; THE DUCHESS OF TECK; THE DUKE OF YORK (KING GEORGE V.) AND THE PRINCESS OF WALES (QUEEN ALEXANDRA) HOLDING THE NEWLY-BORN INFANT PRINCE. (THIS DRAWING, REPRODUCED FROM *THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS* OF JUNE 30, 1894, WAS MADE BY GRACIOUS PERMISSION AND UNDER THE DIRECT SUPERVISION OF H.R.H. THE DUKE OF YORK.)

France, while the Act of Settlement in favour of the Hanoverian line then seemed but a frail safeguard, we see the importance of having an ample store of direct offspring from the actual sovereign. It is true that such contests as those of the ancient houses of York and Lancaster have in these times been paralleled nowhere but in Spain and Portugal, but a dispute of that kind is sure to be attended with public mischief and with discredit to lawful authority. The existence, at this moment, of four generations of legitimate successive inheritors of the Crown is therefore a national blessing. Of the actual happy event there is little to be described. The two grandmothers, the Princess of Wales and the Duchess of Teck, were present; the Duke of York was in the house, accompanied by his father-in-law, the Duke of Teck, with his two brothers-in-law, Princes Adolphus and Francis of Teck; and his father, the Prince of Wales, had been there during the afternoon, leaving Richmond at seven o'clock. The Princess of Wales remained there all night. One of her Majesty's Ministers, the Right Hon. H. H. Asquith, Home Secretary, was there until nearly an hour after the birth, which was announced by telegraph to the Queen at Windsor Castle, to the Prince of Wales at Coworth Park, Sunningdale, and to the Lord Mayor of London. It was soon known to most of the inhabitants of Richmond and Kingston, their church bells rang a merry peal at midnight, and flags were displayed in the morning. In St. Paul's Cathedral, and in other London churches and chapels, the pulpit preachers on Sunday spoke with devout thanksgiving. Loyal addresses from different corporations, and friendly messages of congratulation from the sovereigns and princes and ambassadors of foreign States, have not been slow to come into the hands of her Majesty and their Royal Highnesses. The medical bulletins, signed by Dr. John Williams, M.D., and Dr. F. J. Wadd, continue to assure us that the mother is passing good days and nights, and the infant Prince is well. Hundreds of visitors make personal inquiries either at York House, St. James's Palace, or at White Lodge, Richmond Park, where close approach to the mansion is prevented by a temporary fence, and a marquee has been erected at the entrance gate to receive and answer those who call. The Queen on Tuesday came from Windsor to see the Duchess of York and the babe, and she must be a happy woman to-day."





**QUEEN MARY AS MOTHER, GRANDMOTHER, AND GREAT-GRANDMOTHER: FOUR GENERATIONS OF THE ROYAL FAMILY—THE FAMOUS AND APPEALING PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN AT THE CHRISTENING OF PRINCESS ANNE ON OCTOBER 21, 1950.**

This historic, but essentially human and domestic, Royal photograph was taken on October 21, 1950, on the occasion of the christening of the two-month-old Princess Anne, when Prince Charles was about three weeks short of his second birthday; and shows Queen Mary looking down upon her youngest great-grandchild lying in the arms of the then Princess Elizabeth. King George VI., who was then

a sick man, was to die within sixteen months. On the right Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother holds Prince Charles, who seems more interested in the photographer than the occasion; and the Duke of Edinburgh looks down upon him with a quizzical but paternal eye. The Archbishop of York conducted the christening, which took place in Buckingham Palace—where this photograph was taken.





PRINCESS VICTORIA MARY (LATER QUEEN MARY) AT ABOUT FOUR YEARS OF AGE, SITTING (CENTRE) IN A GOAT-CHAISE. ON EITHER SIDE, HER PARENTS, THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF TECK; ON THE GROUND, HER BROTHER, PRINCE ADOLPHUS (LATER MARQUIS OF CAMBRIDGE); AND, BESIDE HER, PRINCE FRANCIS.



THREE YEARS BEFORE HER MARRIAGE TO THE DUKE OF YORK (LATER KING GEORGE V.): PRINCESS VICTORIA MARY, AT THE AGE OF TWENTY-THREE, PHOTOGRAPHED AT HOME WITH HER MOTHER, THE DUCHESS OF TECK. HER DRESS WAS OF SPRIGGED BROCADE, WITH CREAM AND PINK STRIPES.



PRINCESS VICTORIA MARY, WITH A DOLL TIGHTLY CLUTCHED, AT THE AGE OF THREE—A PHOTOGRAPH WHICH SHOWS A STRONG LIKENESS TO H.M. QUEEN ELIZABETH II. IN CHILDHOOD.



PRINCESS VICTORIA MARY—OR PRINCESS MAY, AS SHE WAS USUALLY KNOWN—AT THE AGE OF SEVENTEEN. HERE A LIKENESS WITH ANOTHER GRANDDAUGHTER, PRINCESS MARGARET, IS MOST STRIKING.

## THE CHILDHOOD, YOUTH AND GIRLHOOD OF A GREAT QUEEN CONSORT: QUEEN MARY AS A YOUNG

In her journal for June 21, 1867, Queen Victoria recorded that she "drove to Kensington Palace to see dear Mary Teck. . . . In the former bedroom in which Mamma and I slept, I found dear Mary, Aunt Cambridge, and the baby, a very fine

one, with pretty little features and a quantity of hair. It is to be called Agnes Augusta Victoria Mary Louise Olga Pauline Claudine. . . . I am to be one of the Godmothers." And in deference to the Queen, the name Victoria was advanced to





A GRAVE AND SERIOUS CHILD IN BUTTON BOOTS, WITH GLOSSY MUFF AND GLAZED STRAW HAT: A DELIGHTFUL PORTRAIT OF THE EIGHT-YEAR-OLD PRINCESS VICTORIA MARY, TAKEN IN 1875.



A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN IN 1873, WHEN PRINCESS VICTORIA CELEBRATED HER SIXTH BIRTHDAY; AND A YEAR BEFORE THE BIRTH OF HER YOUNGEST BROTHER, PRINCE ALEXANDER, LATER EARL OF ATHLONE.



THE EIGHT-YEAR-OLD PRINCESS (RIGHT) WITH TWO BROTHERS—A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN IN 1875. THE FIVE-YEAR-OLD PRINCE FRANCIS (WHO DIED 1910) IS SEATED, WHILE THE SEVEN-YEAR-OLD PRINCE ADOLPHUS STANDS ON THE LEFT.



WITH THEIR MOTHER, THE DUCHESS OF TECK, IN 1872: PRINCESS VICTORIA MARY ("MAY") IN FRONT; PRINCE FRANCIS ("FRANK") ON THE TABLE; AND PRINCE ADOLPHUS ("DOLLY") STANDING ON THE LEFT.

## PRINCESS, WITH HER BROTHERS, IN THE HOME OF HER PARENTS, THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF TECK.

first position and the little Princess, who had been born on May 25, 1867, was later known as Princess Victoria Mary, more familiarly as Princess May and, eventually, with the love and respect of millions of her subjects, as Queen Mary. She was the

eldest child of the Duke and Duchess of Teck and she was followed by three brothers: Prince Adolphus (b. 1868, d. 1927); Prince Francis (b. 1870, d. 1910); and Prince Alexander, later the Earl of Athlone, who was born in 1874.





## H.M. QUEEN MARY AS A COLLECTOR.

By FRANK DAVIS.

WITH the death of her Majesty Queen Mary, the nation mourns the loss of a woman who, had her lot been cast in less august surroundings, would surely have made a name for herself by her own unaided efforts. She was endowed with a regal presence—how trite, but how accurate, to say of her that she was every inch a Queen!—and a steadfastness of character and a strength of purpose which caused her to be admired the world over as the embodiment of all that was serene and imperturbable in the nation. But while everyone was aware of the dignity and thoroughness with which she carried out her Royal duties, there was a side to her activities which, while from time to time it brought her into contact with the public, sprang wholly from her own personal tastes. This was her deep and abiding interest in works of art. She was a fervent student and an indefatigable collector, and more than one man who has devoted his whole life to the study of this and that department of the craftsmanship of the past has confessed to me that H.M. Queen Mary could, when the occasion arose, quote chapter and verse to elucidate a knotty point. Perhaps her memory for names—a very special Royal virtue—stood her in good stead; certainly her memory for facts in connection with her chosen interests was prodigious. Moreover, she was apparently tireless. She would, for example, visit the Antique Dealers' Fair, of which she was Patron from its inception, and miss nothing—a test of endurance beyond the capacity of all but the strongest.

Her knowledge was exact and meticulous. True, she had been brought up with fine things, but that does not necessarily result in understanding them. Undoubtedly, in addition to enthusiasm, she had a *flair*; not, I think, for painting, for in that she confined herself mainly to the English eighteenth century, but for furniture, porcelain, jade, silver, glass and, of course, needlework. But if these were her special interests, her eager mind ranged far and wide. I remember on one occasion being in London soon after the war and going to see the reopened King Edward VII. Gallery at the British Museum. I was leaning over a glass show-case looking at some gold Saxon ornaments. I raised my head and there opposite me and obviously enjoying herself was Queen Mary, intent upon the same subject—one among the rest of us, happy in the knowledge that a civilised existence was once more possible.

Another memory—a furniture exhibition which included a notable array of seventeenth- and eighteenth-



SET WITH RUBIES TO CONFORM TO THE TASTE OF THE MOGHUL COURT AT DELHI: A SEVENTEENTH-CENTURY CHINESE JADE PERFUME BOX.

This jade perfume box is carved with characteristic Chinese delicacy and skill, and, like the spice box illustrated, was carried out for the Moghul Imperial Court at Delhi—hence the rubies set in the jade at intervals. [Reproduced by Royal permission.]

century chairs. The Queen, dignified as always, but as lively as a cricket, urging the Princess Royal to "come and sit in this one"—all sparkle and amusement and laughter, discarding the protocol.

Ah! but then there was a State occasion (there are such moments from time to time in the little world

of art)—I forget just when, but a few years before the war. The place was the Victoria and Albert Museum and we were celebrating something or other. You can imagine the scene—the great gallery, noble tapestries, the treasures of several centuries, the women starry-eyed as women always are in such surroundings. There is chatter and gossip and the men pretend that all this fuss is purely in aid of feminine vanity, when they are in fact congratulating themselves upon having organised such a beautiful display to enhance their own importance. Then a hush falls upon the

inadequate when applied to Queen Mary's interest in their aims and achievements. But her influence in keeping alive, through our darkest days and in the face of a materialism which confuses chromium-plate with civilisation, a love of fine things was best displayed in those frequent visits to dealers' shops, whether the grand ones in London and the big cities or the modest round-the-corner places in provincial towns, where she would gossip for hours—indeed, she was never happier than when "poking around" in this way, and was invariably delighted if in some obscure corner she came upon a piece of jade or a Chinese figure which was to her taste and a little out of the ordinary.

Naturally her likes and dislikes were very well known; she was loved for her unvarying kindness, respected for her knowledge, admired for her acumen—all who had dealings with her in these matters assure me that she would have made a fortune in America had she been born a commoner. I have said her likes and dislikes were very well known. She loved "spotting" things in odd corners—wise men made sure the things were there to be spotted when they knew she was coming. Do you blame them? Of course not. It was a game well understood by both sides, a charming ritual. Oh, yes! Queen Mary knew very well what good salesmanship was. She was shrewd and wise and she had a heart as well as a head—a grand woman as well as Queen.

Her tastes were, naturally enough, those of her age and generation, and that, no doubt, implies a certain lack of sympathy towards what can be described as the more peculiar products of the *avant-garde* of the arts. In this she was wholly in tune with popular opinion, and her sturdy conservatism in these matters only endeared her the more to all who were not easily stampeded into the belief that the newest "ism" of to-day will infallibly become the orthodox doctrine of to-morrow. In her long life how many brilliant comets had she not seen burn themselves out and vanish into nothingness! Maybe certain manifestations of the art of the past which are generally regarded as superlatively fine made little impression upon her—for example, Italian paintings before the sixteenth century; but her interest sprang from a different source, her delight in the hundred-and-one ways in which good craftsmen all over the world have tried to give to ordinary day-to-day existence a gracious background. That was her

chosen field, and she was tireless in its cultivation. It is in this, I suggest, that she differed from those others who are held in honour as the great collectors of the past, from the seventeenth-century Earl of Arundel onwards. They either

assembly and people range themselves on either side. The National Anthem is heard, the official party moves forward, the women curtsy like daffodils before the wind, the men bow, and there is her Majesty Queen Mary, blazing with diamonds and looking—exactly like Queen Mary. The tension relaxes. My neighbour, a German and a very old acquaintance of mine and a man of wide experience, turns to me and sighs deeply: "Ah!" he says, "If only we had had in Germany a woman of that calibre, there would have been no Hitler." All that remains very firmly in my mind's eye; that and one or two other similar occasions during the inter-war years—partly, of course, because all such glittering spectacles are memorable in a century during which quite remarkably horrible things have happened, and partly because in the midst of a gathering which Queen Mary was attending not merely as Royalty but because of her genuine interest in the national collections, this tribute to her as a personality, so obviously genuine, came from a visitor to our shores.

These semi-official functions in connection with the arts were greatly to her liking and she took more than a passing interest in the two organisations—each of them voluntary organisations independent of, if regarded with benevolence by, the State—which have done so much to preserve for this country both individual works of art and places of historic and natural beauty. Together with the King, she was Patron of the National Art-Collections Fund, and she was also Patron of the National Trust. The part played by these two societies during the past fifty years in preventing this country from relapsing into barbarism is incalculable, and the word "patronage" is entirely



IN PURE WHITE JADE SET WITH RUBIES: A SPICE BOX OF SEVENTEENTH-CENTURY CHINESE WORKMANSHIP, FROM QUEEN MARY'S COLLECTION.

The spice box illustrated is of Chinese workmanship executed for the Moghul Court at Delhi, whose taste for rich embellishment called for jade to be set with precious stones. [Reproduced by Royal permission.]

specialised in one chosen subject, or kept their heads so high in the clouds that ordinary mortals found it difficult to follow them. Queen Mary kept closer to earth and ranged wider, for women can worship a multiplicity of household gods—they have homes to make.



WITH SOME CHOICE PIECES FROM HER COLLECTION OF CHINESE HARDSTONE CARVINGS: HER LATE MAJESTY QUEEN MARY.

Her Majesty Queen Mary had a great appreciation of beauty and love of fine craftsmanship, and was a discriminating and extremely well-informed collector. She was very interested in Chinese works of art, more especially in jade and other hardstone carvings of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries; and she was Patroness of the Oriental Ceramic Society. Her collection contained many important jade carvings of high quality, and our photograph shows her posed beside a show-case holding choice pieces. [Portrait by E. Hoppé.]





WATCHING THE DEPARTURE OF GEORGE, DUKE OF YORK, AND HIS BRIDE, THE FORMER PRINCESS MAY OF TECK, FROM BUCKINGHAM PALACE BALCONY: QUEEN VICTORIA (CENTRE), THE DUCHESS OF TECK, THE DUCHESS OF EDINBURGH, PRINCESS BEATRICE, PRINCESS HENRY OF PRUSSIA, AND GUESTS.



SHOWERED WITH RICE BY THE PRINCE OF WALES (AFTERWARDS EDWARD VII.), FATHER OF THE BRIDEGROOM, THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH AND THE DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE: GEORGE, DUKE OF YORK, AND HIS BRIDE LEAVING BUCKINGHAM PALACE.



THE WEDDING GROUP OF GEORGE, DUKE OF YORK, AND PRINCESS MAY OF TECK: BACK ROW (STANDING): PRINCESS ALEXANDRA OF EDINBURGH, PRINCESS VICTORIA OF SCHLESWIG-HOLSTEIN, PRINCESS VICTORIA OF EDINBURGH, THE BRIDEGROOM, PRINCESS VICTORIA OF WALES AND PRINCESS MAUD OF WALES; SECOND ROW (SEATED): PRINCESS ALICE OF BATTENBERG, PRINCESS MARGARET OF CONNAUGHT, AND THE BRIDE; AND (IN FRONT) PRINCESS BEATRICE OF EDINBURGH, PRINCESS VICTORIA OF BATTENBERG AND PRINCESS VICTORIA PATRICIA OF CONNAUGHT.

#### QUEEN MARY AS A BRIDE: THE MARRIAGE OF PRINCESS MAY OF TECK TO GEORGE, DUKE OF YORK, IN 1893.

The marriage of George, Duke of York, only surviving son of the Prince of Wales, to Princess Victoria Mary, "the 'Princess May' of her family and of popular affection" (to quote from *The Illustrated London News* dated July 15, 1893, from which our illustrations are taken), took place on July 6, 1893, in the Chapel Royal, St. James's Palace. It was attended by Imperial and princely guests, and was notable for the "demonstration of festive gladness"

it evoked in London. The bride's ten bridesmaids were two sisters of the bridegroom and eight cousins. When the Duke and Duchess of York left Buckingham Palace in an open carriage to drive through London to the Great Eastern Railway Station their departure was watched by Queen Victoria and Royal guests from the Palace balcony; and the Prince of Wales (later Edward VII.) headed the relatives who pelted them with rice as they left.





IN CANADA IN 1901: THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF CORNWALL, SHOOTING THE LOG SLIDES AT CHAUDIÈRE FALLS.  
(From "The Illustrated London News" of Oct. 19, 1901.)



QUEEN MARY (THEN DUCHESS OF CORNWALL) RIDING ALONG A CANADIAN RAILWAY, ON A HAND-CAR, DRIVEN BY MEMBERS OF THE SUITE.  
(From "The Illustrated London News" of Nov. 2, 1901.)



IN THE CANADIAN ROCKIES: THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF CORNWALL RIDING ON THE COW-CATCHER OF A TRAIN NEAR NORTH BEND.  
(From "The Illustrated London News" of Oct. 26, 1901.)



THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES, RIDING IN A GOLDEN HOWDAH ON THE LARGEST ELEPHANT IN INDIA AND HEADING A PROCESSION OF TWENTY-FOUR ELEPHANTS DURING THE STATE ENTRY INTO BENARES IN FEBRUARY, 1906.  
(From "The Illustrated London News" of March 24, 1906.)



THE PRINCE OF WALES SHOWING TO THE PRINCESS THE FIRST TIGER HE EVER SHOT—AN INCIDENT AT A BANQUET GIVEN BY THE MAHARAJAH AT JAIPUR, FOLLOWING THE HUNT, ON NOVEMBER 27, 1905.  
(From "The Illustrated London News" of December 16, 1905.)



THE ARRIVAL IN BURMA IN JANUARY, 1906: THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES AT RANGOON, WITH BURMESE LADIES AND CHILDREN THROWING FLOWERS BEFORE THEM.  
(From "The Illustrated London News" of Feb. 10, 1906.)



THE OPENING OF THE CANADIAN SECTION OF THE COLONIAL TOUR: THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF CORNWALL'S FIRST STEP ON CANADIAN SOIL—AT QUEBEC.  
(From "The Illustrated London News" of Oct. 5, 1901.)



QUEEN MARY (THEN PRINCESS OF WALES) AT BOMBAY IN 1905, WITH HINDU AND PARSEE LADIES AND CHILDREN STREWING FLOWERS AND GOLD AND SILVER BEFORE HER.  
(From "The Illustrated London News" of Dec. 9, 1905.)

# THE OVERSEAS TOURS OF 1901 AND 1905-6: QUEEN MARY, AS DUCHESS OF CORNWALL AND PRINCESS OF WALES, WHEN SHE ACCOMPANIED KING GEORGE ON HIS FIRST VISITS TO CANADA AND INDIA.

On this page we reproduce a few of the facsimile sketches which our Special Artists made of two overseas tours in which Queen Mary accompanied the late King George V. The first was undertaken in 1901 and was called the Royal Colonial Tour. This was at the time when their title had just been changed to Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York; and the tour was a most extensive one. The S.S. *Ophir* was chartered for them and the tour, which began on March 16, 1901, and concluded on October 31, had the following itinerary:

Gibraltar, Malta, Aden, Ceylon, Singapore, Melbourne, Brisbane, Sydney, Auckland, Wellington, Christchurch, Dunedin, Hobart, Adelaide, Albany, Perth, Mauritius, Durban, Cape Town, Quebec, Montreal, Ottawa, Winnipeg, Regina, Calgary, Vancouver, Victoria, B.C., Toronto, Niagara, St. John, N.B., Halifax, St. John's, Newfoundland. The second was the India and Burma tour, when they had become Prince and Princess of Wales, and this lasted from November 8, 1905, to March 19, 1906.





THE CORONATION OF KING GEORGE V. AND QUEEN MARY: THEIR MAJESTIES OCCUPYING THEIR CHAIRS OF STATE DURING THAT PART OF THE CEREMONY WHICH PRECEDES THE ANOINTING.



AFTER THE CORONATION ON JUNE 22, 1911: HIS MAJESTY KING GEORGE V. AND HIS CONSORT, HER MAJESTY QUEEN MARY, IN THEIR CORONATION ROBES.



AT BUCKINGHAM PALACE AFTER THE CORONATION OF KING GEORGE VI. AND QUEEN ELIZABETH (NOW QUEEN ELIZABETH THE QUEEN MOTHER) ON MAY 12, 1937: THE PRINCESS ROYAL, THE DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER, THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER, QUEEN MARY, THE KING, THE QUEEN, THE DUKE OF KENT, THE DUCHESS OF KENT, AND QUEEN MAUD OF NORWAY; AND IN FRONT, PRINCESS ELIZABETH (NOW THE QUEEN) AND PRINCESS MARGARET.

#### QUEEN MARY CROWNED AS ROYAL CONSORT IN 1911; AND ON THE DAY OF HER SON GEORGE VI.'S CORONATION.

The Coronation of King George V. and Queen Mary on June 22, 1911, took place with all the traditional solemn ceremonial of the crowning of our Sovereigns; but one great innovation characterised it—the ceremony was recorded by camera. The photograph of their Majesties on their chairs of state on the south side of the altar in Westminster Abbey which we reproduce is thus historic. It was taken by the late Sir Benjamin Stone, whose collection

of photographs is now in the Birmingham Reference Library. Queen Mary was a beautiful and majestic figure in her Coronation robes; and she was equally splendid as the Queen Mother at the Coronation of her son, George VI., on May 12, 1937. On this occasion she wore the "Maltese" diadem which Queen Victoria often wore; and which adorned the young brow of Queen Elizabeth II. when she opened her first Parliament last year.





THE YOUNG PRINCESS IN COURT DRESS: H.M. QUEEN MARY ON HER PRESENTATION DAY IN 1886, WHEN SHE WAS PRINCESS MAY OF TECK.



HER LATE MAJESTY AT THE AGE OF TWENTY: A PORTRAIT OF QUEEN MARY AS PRINCESS MAY OF TECK IN DAY DRESS OF THE 'EIGHTIES.



SHOWING THE ELABORATE FASHIONS OF THE PERIOD: H.M. QUEEN MARY AS SHE WAS IN HER EARLY YOUTH.



NOTABLE FOR HER SWEET EXPRESSION AND DIGNIFIED BEARING: QUEEN MARY AS SHE WAS IN 1893, THE YEAR OF HER MARRIAGE.

**QUEEN MARY WHEN PRINCESS MAY OF TECK: HER LATE MAJESTY AS A YOUNG GIRL BEFORE HER MARRIAGE IN 1893.**

Royal dignity and graciousness characterised her Majesty Queen Mary at every stage of her long life. She was the only daughter of H.H. the late Duke of Teck and of the Duchess of Teck, daughter of the first Duke of Cambridge and a granddaughter of George III. It was as Princess May of Teck that she

was presented to Queen Victoria in a private ceremony before her Majesty entered the Throne Room, as she was technically in the Succession. Her marriage to George V., then George, Duke of York, took place in 1893, and the young Duchess soon held a warm place in the affections of the country.





DEARLY LOVED IN BOTH YOUTH AND AGE: QUEEN MARY, THE GRANDMOTHER OF QUEEN ELIZABETH II.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY HAY WRIGHTSON.

Supplement to "The Illustrated London News."





QUEEN MARY AS SHE WAS IN 1919: HER LATE MAJESTY WITH HER ONLY DAUGHTER, PRINCESS MARY (NOW THE PRINCESS ROYAL, DOWAGER COUNTESS OF HAREWOOD), WEARING THE UNIFORM OF A V.A.D.; AND CONSULTING HER LOVED MOTHER ON SOME IMPORTANT POINT.

QUEEN MARY AND PRINCESS MARY, V.A.D. (NOW THE PRINCESS ROYAL): HER LATE MAJESTY AND HER ONLY DAUGHTER IN 1919.

This photograph of her late Majesty Queen Mary and her only daughter, H.R.H. Princess Mary (now the Princess Royal), illustrates the close ties of love which bound them. It was taken in 1919, after the end of World War I., during which H.M. Queen Mary (who had been awarded the R.R.C. in 1910) visited many

military hospitals, cheering wounded men with her ready sympathy; while Princess Mary, then a young girl, worked as a V.A.D. Her Royal Highness, who is now Commandant-in-Chief of the British Red Cross Detachments and a Dame Grand Cross of St. John of Jerusalem, is seen consulting with her mother.





SHOWING THEMSELVES TO THE PEOPLE OF DELHI: KING GEORGE V. AND QUEEN MARY ON THE BALCONY OF SHAH JEHAN'S PALACE IN THE FORT.



WEARING THEIR CORONATION ROBES: KING GEORGE V. AND QUEEN MARY AT THE DELHI DURBAR.



ONE OF THE HIGHLIGHTS OF THE DELHI DURBAR: KING GEORGE V., THE KING-EMPEROR, INVESTING QUEEN MARY, THE QUEEN-EMPRESS, WITH THE GRAND CROSS OF THE STAR OF INDIA. (From "The Illustrated London News" of January 6, 1912.)



TYPICAL OF QUEEN MARY'S LIFELONG INTEREST IN OBJETS D'ART: HER MAJESTY VISITING MR. SCHWAIGER'S COLLECTION AT THE KASHMIR GATE. (From "The Illustrated London News" of January 13, 1912.)

IN December, 1911, King George V. and Queen Mary arrived in India for their second visit; they made their first visit in 1905-6, when they were Prince and Princess of Wales. This time they returned as King-Emperor and Queen-Empress for the great Coronation Durbar at Delhi that proved the most significant pageant that even the coloured annals of the East have known. The tremendous ceremony was held on December 12 in a vast amphitheatre three miles from the Imperial camp, where the Emperor and Empress, raised high above the multitude and visible to all, received the homage of the Princes of India. How great was Queen Mary's share in the success of this important and brilliant visit to India cannot be estimated. It was during this visit that King George V. added to the honours borne by his Consort when he invested her with the Grand Cross of the Star of India. The King and Queen landed at Portsmouth on February 5, 1912, at the end of a venture which was widely acknowledged as "an unqualified success from first to last."



LOOKING AT BIOSCOPE PICTURES OF THE DURBAR SHOWN OUTSIDE GOVERNMENT HOUSE, CALCUTTA: T.M. KING GEORGE V. AND QUEEN MARY. (From "The Illustrated London News" of February 3, 1912.)





ON THE WEDDING DAY OF HER DAUGHTER, IN 1922: QUEEN MARY (EXTREME R.) WITH GEORGE V. (EXTREME L.), PRINCESS MARY (NOW THE PRINCESS ROYAL) AND VISCOUNT LASCELLES (LATER SIXTH EARL OF HAREWOOD) ON THE PALACE BALCONY.



ON THE WEDDING DAY OF HER SECOND SON, APRIL 26, 1923: QUEEN MARY (R.) AND GEORGE V. WITH LORD AND LADY STRATHMORE, AND ALBERT, DUKE OF YORK (GEORGE VI.) AND HIS BRIDE, LADY ELIZABETH BOWES-LYON.



ON THE WEDDING DAY OF HER FOURTH SON, NOVEMBER 29, 1934: QUEEN MARY (SECOND FROM RIGHT) AND GEORGE V., WITH GEORGE, DUKE OF KENT, AND HIS BRIDE, PRINCESS MARINA OF GREECE, AND HER PARENTS.



ON THE WEDDING DAY OF HER THIRD SON IN 1935: QUEEN MARY (R.) AND GEORGE V. WITH HENRY, DUKE OF GLOUCESTER, AND HIS BRIDE, LADY ALICE SCOTT, PRINCESS ELIZABETH (THE QUEEN) AND PRINCESS MARGARET.



AFTER THE CHRISTENING OF PRINCE MICHAEL OF KENT IN 1942: QUEEN MARY SURROUNDED BY HER FAMILY. THE DUCHESS OF KENT HOLDS THE BABY; THE DUKE OF KENT, STANDS (CENTRE) WITH GEORGE VI. ON THE LEFT, IN FRONT OF HIM, IS HIS CONSORT, NOW QUEEN ELIZABETH THE QUEEN MOTHER. PRINCESS ELIZABETH (NOW THE QUEEN) IS ON THE EXTREME LEFT.



AFTER THE CHRISTENING OF PRINCE RICHARD OF GLOUCESTER IN 1944: QUEEN MARY (TO THE RIGHT OF THE DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER, WHO HOLDS THE BABY). GEORGE VI., STANDS, CENTRE, BEHIND HIS CONSORT (NOW QUEEN ELIZABETH THE QUEEN MOTHER) AND PRINCESS ELIZABETH (NOW THE QUEEN) IS ON THE EXTREME RIGHT.

#### EVENTS IN H.M. QUEEN MARY'S HAPPY FAMILY LIFE: ROYAL WEDDING AND CHRISTENING GROUPS.

The ties of affection which bind the members of the Royal family are exceptionally close, and Queen Mary was their beloved centre. Of her five sons, four grew to manhood, and she saw three happily married—the late King George VI. (then Albert, Duke of York); the Duke of Gloucester and the Duke of Kent—and had the happiness of seeing their children. Her only daughter married the late Earl of Harewood (then Viscount Lascelles) in 1922 and had two sons, who are now

both married. The late King's two daughters, the present Queen and Princess Margaret, were their grandmother's constant companions; and she took great pleasure in the society of the Duke of Gloucester's two handsome boys; and the three children of the late Duke of Kent, who was killed on active service in August 1942; and in her later years delighted in the company of her great-grandchildren, the Duke of Cornwall and Princess Anne, children of Queen Elizabeth II.





## IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.

### QUEEN MARY—LOVER OF GARDENS.

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT, V.M.H.

LOOKING back over the past forty-five years, and remembering not only the Chelsea

Flower Shows during that period, but also the Temple Flower Shows which preceded Chelsea, Queen Mary stands out in my memory as the most regular visitor to those truly wonderful exhibitions. The most regular, the most thorough and the most welcome. I first exhibited at the Temple in 1908, with a small rock-garden arranged on tabling in the open. King George V. and Queen Mary (then Prince and Princess of Wales) came to my tiny garden, but the Queen passed on to examine some rare and almost microscopic Alpines which Dr. Correvon had brought over from Geneva,

by her deep interest in and love for flowers. Often she would notice, admire and enquire about flowers, which surprised me, flowers which were perhaps rare, curious, or interesting to the connoisseur, but relatively inconspicuous. At one Chelsea I had a minute specimen of *Calceolaria darwinii*, lurking in a nook among the rocks. Half-hidden away in shade, it had only four or five flowers, but Queen Mary noticed those strange, gnome-like blossoms in gold, mahogany-red and waxy white, and when I gathered one for her closer inspection, she carried it off with the utmost care and solicitude. She held it and handled it as though it were a frail and fragile jewel—which indeed it was.

There was one incident in connection with Chelsea Show which I have always remembered with profound

Not a bit of it. Queen Mary wished to make a tour of the outdoor exhibits.

Stoutly and suitably shod, she unfurled her umbrella and made a long and exhaustive inspection of the rock-gardens, the formal gardens, the shrubs, the garden furniture—everything—and the conducting deputies went too, of course. I have since wondered whether perhaps the Queen made that long tour of inspection in the rain largely to allay disappointment among the outdoor exhibitors. Whatever the motive, it was magnificent. By setting an example, it saved the situation for the outside exhibitors. Others followed the Queen's lead, and were soon



QUEEN MARY AT KEW GARDENS, ADMIRING THE HEAVY BLOSSOM OF A JAPANESE CHERRY, *PRUNUS BERRULATA* "SHOGETSU": A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN IN 1947, HER EIGHTIETH YEAR. In his memories of Queen Mary as a lover of flowers and gardens, Mr. Elliott records some incidents of her many visits to the Chelsea Shows. "I doubt," he says, "whether Queen Mary ever missed even one Chelsea, from 1908 onward, and doubtless her visits to the shows began some years before 1908. How many members of the garden-loving public can claim such a record of attendance as that?"

whilst King George stopped to look at my plants. He was specially interested in some *Oxalis enneaphylla* which I had just brought home from the Falkland Islands. He had visited the Falklands whilst he was in the Navy. That, as far as I can remember, was the only time that I had speech with King George V. The chief impression that remains with me is of a very hearty laugh at—for the life of me I can not remember what it was that I had said.

Between 1908 and the present day I can only remember missing one single Chelsea. I had gone to America. But I doubt whether Queen Mary ever missed even one Chelsea, from 1908 onward, and doubtless her visits to the shows began some years before 1908. How many members of the garden-loving public can claim such a record of attendance as that?

Quite often Queen Mary came to my rock-garden and Alpine plant exhibits, and always I was impressed

admiration and gratitude. It was, as far as I can remember, somewhere in the mid-twenties, and it was, without exception, the most unpleasant Chelsea that ever happened. It rained incessantly, a steady, pitiless downpour, and it was hideously cold. The roads, gangways and paths between the outdoor exhibits became ponds and quagmires. Even in the great marquee there were extensive, unsolicited water-gardens. We outdoor exhibitors and our assistants stood about like drenched, moulting hens, brooding over sodden ruin. Quite undeterred by these horrible conditions, Queen Mary came to Chelsea as usual, and was conducted round the indoor exhibits in the usual way. When she had inspected all the principal exhibits with great thoroughness, and there seemed little more to see in the great marquee, the R.H.S. deputation conducting the Royal party round the Show thought that the tour was over.

standing about in the rain, the mud and the puddles. For the rest of the Show, umbrellas, goloshes and general toughness became the fashion.

There is one small simple garden incident which I will relate at second hand, though it concerns King George V. rather than Queen Mary. Their Majesties had been staying at a house in Scotland. I was there a few days after they left, and my hostess told me of the incident. They were all standing on the lawn, which happened to be in that most blessed and beautiful state of any lawn, two or perhaps three days after the last mowing, so that there was a rich sprinkling of daisies fully open. The King looked around at them approvingly and then remarked: "I expect those daisies are all wrong, but I must say I think they look awfully jolly."

A charming, human and most discriminating observation!





IN YACHTING COSTUME: QUEEN MARY ABOARD THE ROYAL YACHT *BRITANNIA* AT COWES IN AUGUST 1929 WITH KING GEORGE V., THE PRINCESS ROYAL AND THE DUKE OF YORK (RIGHT).



ON BOARD H.M.S. *MEDINA* DURING THE DUBBAR TOUR OF 1911-12: QUEEN MARY WITH KING GEORGE V. *MEDINA* ANCHORED OFF BOMBAY ON DECEMBER 2.



IN ACADEMIC ROBES: H.M. QUEEN MARY AT ABERDEEN UNIVERSITY ON SEPTEMBER 12, 1922, WHEN SHE RECEIVED THE HONORARY DEGREE OF DOCTOR OF LAWS.



QUEEN MARY IN THE ROBES OF A LADY OF THE ORDER OF THE GARTER: HER MAJESTY WITH KING GEORGE V. IN 1914 AT WINDSOR.



IN THE ROBES OF A D.C.L.: QUEEN MARY'S VISIT TO OXFORD IN 1937 TO LAY THE FOUNDATION-STONE OF THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY EXTENSION.



CHIEF AMONG THE LATE QUEEN MARY'S HOBBIES: HER MAJESTY AT NEEDLEWORK IN THE GROUNDS OF COPPINS IN APRIL 1936.



FOR MANY YEARS A CONSTANT VISITOR TO THE LAWN TENNIS CHAMPIONSHIPS AT WIMBLEDON: QUEEN MARY WATCHING PLAY ON THE CENTRE COURT.

#### QUEEN MARY'S ACTIVITIES AND INTERESTS: HER MAJESTY ON PUBLIC OCCASIONS; AND HER HOBBIES.

Queen Mary's activities and interests covered a very wide field and she also shared in those of King George V., being a regular visitor to Cowes when his Majesty was racing his yacht *Britannia*. The honorary degree of Doctor of Laws was conferred on her by Glasgow University in 1907, when she was Princess of Wales and by Edinburgh and Aberdeen in 1920 and 1922 respectively. The honorary degree of Doctor of Civil Law was conferred on Queen Mary by Oxford University in 1921 and on June 25, 1937, she visited the University to lay the

foundation-stone of the Bodleian Library extension. Her Majesty was created a Lady of the Order of the Garter in 1910, and in 1914 was present at the last service of the Order in St. George's Chapel, Windsor Castle, to be held for twenty-three years, and in 1937 took part in the revived ceremony. Chief among Queen Mary's hobbies was needlework, and she became a member of the Royal School of Needlework before her marriage in 1893. Her Majesty enjoyed watching lawn tennis and was a regular visitor to the championships at Wimbledon.





THE GALA PERFORMANCE AT COVENT GARDEN IN HONOUR OF THE FRENCH PRESIDENT: QUEEN MARY IN THE ROYAL BOX WITH THE KING AND QUEEN, AND M. AND MME. LEBRUN.



THE STATE VISIT TO BELGIUM AFTER WORLD WAR I.: QUEEN MARY, BETWEEN PRINCESS ALICE, COUNTESS OF ATHLONE AND THE QUEEN OF THE BELGIANS: (R.). GEORGE V., LORD ATHLONE, EARLS BEATTY AND HAIG, AND THE KING OF THE BELGIANS ARE STANDING.



THE OPENING OF THE NEW BUILDINGS OF THE SCIENCE MUSEUM, SOUTH KENSINGTON, ON MARCH 20, 1928: QUEEN MARY LISTENING TO GEORGE V.'S SPEECH.



WITH THE 'LITTLE INMATES': QUEEN MARY AT THE RACHAEL McMILLAND SUMMER HOME FOR POOR CHILDREN IN 1917.



AT THE INVESTITURE OF THE PRINCE OF WALES (NOW DUKE OF WINDSOR) AT CAERNARVON CASTLE ON JULY 13, 1911: QUEEN MARY AND KING GEORGE V.



WITH HER ELDEST SON, THE DUKE OF WINDSOR, IN 1945: QUEEN MARY ON THE OCCASION OF HIS FIRST VISIT AFTER THE ABDICATION.

#### STATE, FAMILY AND PHILANTHROPIC OCCASIONS: FACETS OF QUEEN MARY'S LIFE THROUGH THE YEARS.

Queen Mary's many interests were combined with a gracious and ready sympathy which endeared her to all who had the honour of coming into contact with her; and her majestic bearing on State occasions roused admiration in every heart. On this page we illustrate State, philanthropic and family occasions in her life. The visit of the French President and Mme. Lebrun to London in 1939 was the occasion of splendid entertaining. The State visit which George V. and Queen

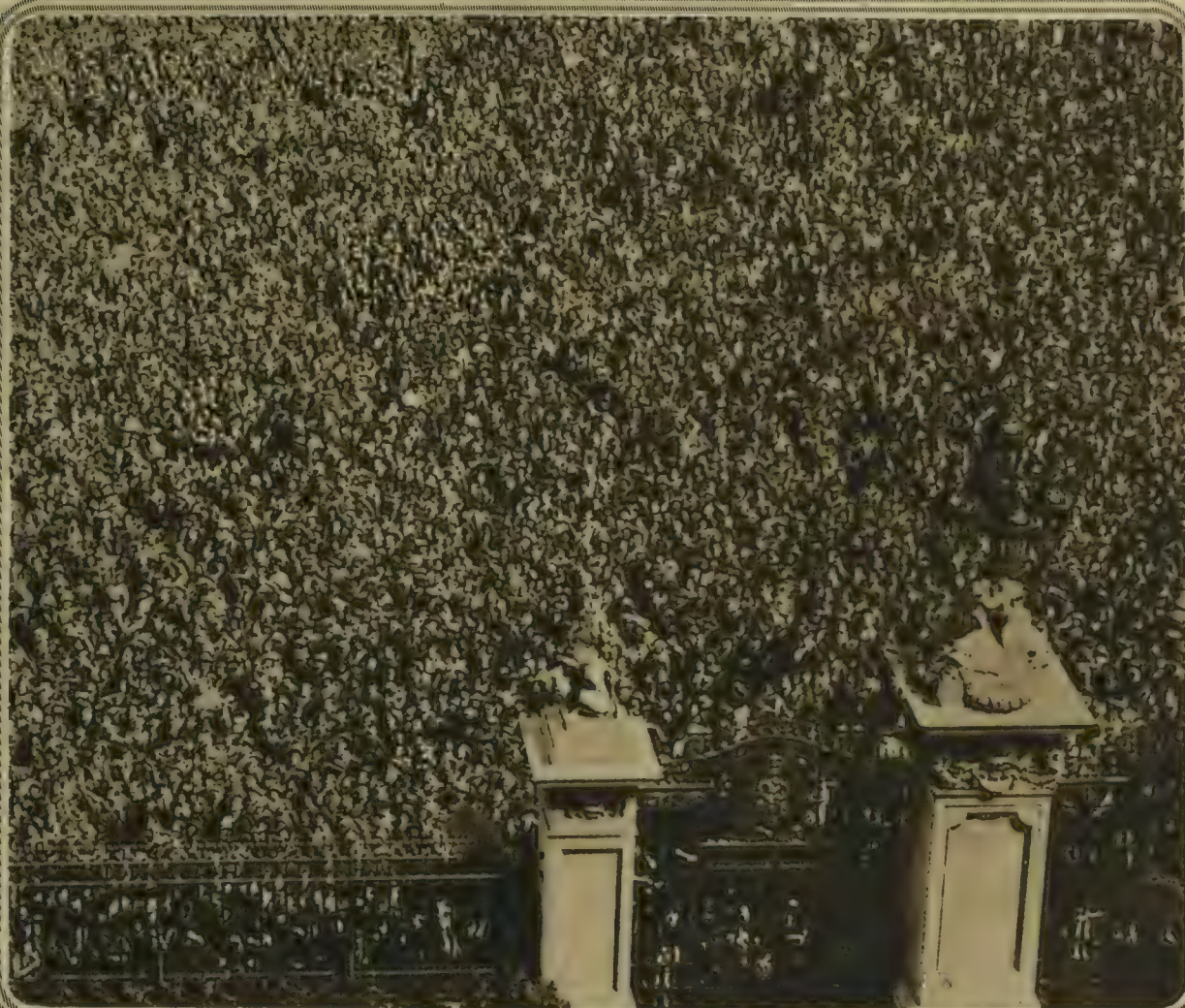
Mary paid to Belgium in 1922 after World War I. was the first to be made by a British Sovereign to that country for seventy years. The Investiture of the Prince of Wales at Caernarvon Castle was a historic event at which the bearing of the young Prince delighted his parents. Queen Mary's interest in all organisations for child welfare was always one of her leading characteristics, and she had the gift of putting little boys and girls at their ease with her.



AT A TIME OF  
THANKSGIVING  
AND REJOICING:  
QUEEN MARY  
AT THE SILVER  
JUBILEE CELE-  
BRATIONS IN  
MAY 1935.

ON Monday, May 6, 1935, King George V. and Queen Mary went to St. Paul's Cathedral to attend a Thanksgiving Service on the occasion of their Silver Jubilee. The spontaneous demonstrations of loyalty from the enormous crowds were described by the King himself "as indeed most touching." In what proved to be the last year of his life, the people clearly showed that their affection was not only for the Throne but for the beloved Sovereign and his Queen consort. Every night of that week the King and Queen

*(Continued below, right.)*



DEMONSTRATING THEIR AFFECTION FOR KING GEORGE V. AND QUEEN MARY: THE CROWD OUTSIDE BUCKINGHAM PALACE ON MAY 6, 1935.



AT THE GREAT SILVER JUBILEE SERVICE OF THANKSGIVING IN ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL ON THE TWENTY-FIFTH ANNIVERSARY OF THE ACCESSION OF KING GEORGE V.: HIS LATE MAJESTY WITH QUEEN MARY.

*Continued.* appeared upon the flood-lit balcony of Buckingham Palace and were cheered with rapture by crowds who had waited all day. On May 9, in Westminster Hall, the King and Queen Mary received addresses from both Houses of Parliament. In reply, the King made a speech broken with emotion; at the end he made a reference to Queen Mary and his voice failed him. It is recorded that when preparing the draft of the speech he told his secretary to "Put that paragraph at the very end. I can't trust myself to speak of the Queen when I think of all I owe her."



AT BUCKINGHAM PALACE AFTER RETURNING FROM ST. PAUL'S: KING GEORGE V. AND QUEEN MARY WITH MEMBERS OF THE ROYAL FAMILY. (L. TO R.) PRINCE ARTHUR OF CONNAUGHT (D. 1933); THE QUEEN OF NORWAY (D. 1938); THE DUKE OF YORK (GEORGE VI.—D. 1952); THE PRINCESS ROYAL; KING GEORGE V. (D. 1936); PRINCESS MARGARET; THE HON. GERALD LASCELLES; THE SIXTH EARL OF HAREWOOD (D. 1947); PRINCESS ELIZABETH (NOW H.M. THE QUEEN); VISCOUNT LASCELLES (NOW SEVENTH EARL OF HAREWOOD); QUEEN MARY; THE DUCHESS OF KENT; THE FIRST DUKE OF KENT (D. 1942); PRINCESS VICTORIA (D. 1935); THE DUCHESS OF YORK (QUEEN ELIZABETH THE QUEEN MOTHER); THE PRINCE OF WALES (NOW DUKE OF WINDSOR); THE EARL OF ATHLONE AND PRINCESS ALICE.





WITH HER SECOND SON: QUEEN MARY, THEN DUCHESS OF YORK, WITH PRINCE ALBERT (LATER KING GEORGE VI.) IN ABOUT 1897.



WITH HER FIRST GRANDDAUGHTER: QUEEN MARY WITH THE INFANT PRINCESS ELIZABETH (NOW H.M. THE QUEEN) AT BUCKINGHAM PALACE IN MAY 1926.



WITH HER GRANDSON, THE INFANT PRINCE EDWARD OF KENT (NOW 2ND DUKE OF KENT), IN HER ARMS: QUEEN MARY AT SANDRINGHAM IN 1936.



HOLDING HER FIRST GREAT-GRANDCHILD ON HIS CHRISTENING DAY: QUEEN MARY WITH PRINCE CHARLES (NOW DUKE OF CORNWALL) IN DECEMBER 1948.

#### QUEEN MARY AS A DEVOTED MOTHER, GRANDMOTHER AND GREAT-GRANDMOTHER.

Of the six children born to Queen Mary and King George V., only three survive her—her eldest child, now the Duke of Windsor, who was born in 1894 at White Lodge, Richmond; her only daughter, the Princess Royal, who was born in 1897; and the Duke of Gloucester, who was born in 1900. Queen Mary's youngest

child, and fifth son, Prince John, who was born in 1905, and had never enjoyed robust health, died in 1919, when still a boy. Prince George, later Duke of Kent, who was born in 1902, was killed on active service in 1942. Prince Albert, later King George VI., who was born in 1895, died in 1952.





QUEEN MARY'S HOME: THE STATE DRAWING-ROOM, ONE OF THE NOBLEST ROOMS OF MARLBOROUGH HOUSE, REFLECTING AT ONCE THE ELEGANCE OF THE ARCHITECT—WREN—AND THE TASTE OF ITS ROYAL OCCUPANT.

Marlborough House—of whose noble and sumptuous State rooms we show a number of photographs on this and succeeding pages—was for twenty-six years the home of Queen Mary—nine years when she was Princess of Wales and seventeen during the years of her widowhood from 1936 onwards. This red-brick house, which was originally of two storeys, was built by Sir Christopher Wren for Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough, the foundation-stone still showing

that it was laid by her Grace in June (N.S.) 1709. It remained the property of the Dukes of Marlborough until 1817, when it passed to the Crown and was allotted to Princess Charlotte and her husband, Prince Leopold (later King of the Belgians). The Princess died before it was ready for occupation, but Prince Leopold lived there until 1831. From 1837 to 1849 it was occupied as a dower house by Queen Adelaide, the widow of William IV. In 1850 it

*[Continued overleaf.]*



IN QUEEN MARY'S HOME: NOBLE ROOMS  
AND ROYAL TREASURES OF FINE ART.



IN THE GREAT STATE DRAWING-ROOM: A NOBLE MARBLE-TOPPED LACQUER COMMODE, WITH A VITRINE DISPLAYING A NUMBER OF MINIATURES AND BATTERSEA ENAMELS.



A CORNER OF THE MAIN ENTRANCE HALL AT MARLBOROUGH HOUSE, WITH A PORTRAIT OF THE PRINCE CONSORT (LEFT). THE STAIRS LEAD TOWARDS THE GREAT SALON.



THE STATE DINING-ROOM AT MARLBOROUGH HOUSE, WITH RED-LEATHER CHAIRS ABOUT A MAHOGANY TABLE. A FINE PICTURE BY KNAPTON HANGS ON THE WALL ON THE LEFT.

*Continued.*  
was settled on the Prince of Wales (later King Edward VII.) but used for some ten years as a temporary picture gallery. In 1861 it was remodelled, and in 1863, after his marriage, the Prince of Wales began his long occupancy of it, and made it the centre of the high social life of London. It was, of course, the birthplace of King George V. During this period, at the instance of the

Princess of Wales, later Queen Alexandra, a Danish service was held in the Chapel on Sunday afternoons. When King Edward VII. acceded to the Throne in 1901, it became for the first time the home of Queen Mary, whose taste and love of the fine arts have done so much to make it the period gem it now is. On the accession of King George V., it became once more the home of

*(Continued opposite.)*



*Continued.*

Queen Alexandra, who lived there throughout her widowhood. After her death in 1925 it was modernised and prepared for the Prince of Wales (later King Edward VIII. and now Duke of Windsor), but was never occupied by him. Accordingly, when Queen Mary entered on her second occupation of the house in 1936, little needed to be done to it, but she herself took a great deal of trouble in its redecoration and furnishing, and much of its present grace and majesty is undoubtedly due to her taste and influence. Her own private apartments were on the first floor, but the principal State rooms are on the ground floor, including the Great Dining-room, the State Drawing-room, the Green Drawing-room and the noble Salon. This last is an exceptionally fine room of two storeys with a gallery, hung with Flemish tapestries and carrying on the upper part of its walls a fresco of the Battle of Blenheim by Louis Laguerre.



WITH ITS WINDOWS LOOKING OUT UPON THE MALL: PART OF THE STATE DRAWING-ROOM AT MARLBOROUGH HOUSE, WITH ITS NOBLE CEILING AND BRILLIANT CRYSTAL CHANDELIERS, OF WHICH WE SHOW THE CENTRE ONE OF THREE.



THE GREAT SALON, TWO STOREYS HIGH AND WITH A GALLERY. THE UPPER WALLS CARRY FRESQUES OF THE BATTLE OF BLENHEIM BY LOUIS LAGUERRE; THE LOWER WALLS FLEMISH TAPESTRIES. THE MAIN STAIRCASES ALSO HAVE PAINTINGS BY LAGUERRE, ON THE THEMES OF RAMILLIES AND MALPLAQUET.

IN QUEEN MARY'S HOME: TWO OF THE NOBLEST ROOMS OF THE GROUND FLOOR OF MARLBOROUGH HOUSE—THE STATE DRAWING-ROOM AND THE GREAT SALON.





## THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



### TELL-TALE SKULLS OF WOODPECKERS.

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

THE golden-backed woodpecker of Southern Asia, in the tropical bird-house at the London Zoo, was busy enlarging a hollow in a log, about 6 ins. in diameter, which leaned against the wall inside its large cage. The log appeared to be of sound wood; that is, there was no sign of wood-boring grubs in it, so the bird was not hollowing for food. Rather, from the size and shape of the hollow, it was a distorted attempt at making a nest cavity. After removing a few chips of wood, it would fly across to a can hung on the wires of the cage, take some of the minced meat contained in it and, having eaten, would fly back to the log and remove a few more chips. So, alternately, it fed at the feeding-can and chipped at the log. The appearance was that it was thoroughly muddled. Its instinct was to find food by boring into the wood. Its training took it to a feeding-place where food was available without boring. And instinct and training were in conflict, so the bird compromised. Further to this, since the log held no food, and since instinct demanded some purpose in the boring, the other reason for hollowing became dominant and nest-hollowing was being brought into play.

Another interesting thing was the manner in which the chips were removed. The bird would make a quick slice with the beak on the exposed surface, at right angles to the surface proper of the log. Then another incision, of the same kind, would be made about half-an-inch below it. Then would come a more prolonged pecking between the two grooves thus formed, and a sizeable chip would fall to the bottom of the cage. The whole action was strongly reminiscent of a man using a chisel, and the chips cut were like those produced by a chisel. Whether the golden-backed woodpecker normally works in such a leisurely manner, or whether it was doing so as the result of an inhibition due to captivity, the performance was sufficiently slow-motion for every detail to be watched.

It so happened that the following day I had my best view of the great spotted, or pied, woodpecker at work. It was boring into an upright post of the pergola, and I was able to watch it through a window at close range. Its performance was the reverse of slow-motion. It pecked rapidly at one spot for a while, then paused—presumably enjoying the taste of the grub it had extracted, then it travelled up the worm-riddled post, tapping here and there with its beak, and, arriving at the top, it drummed on the cross-bar, the usual "love-call," and flew off. It had made a funnel-shaped hollow an inch deep, but whereas the chips of the golden-backed woodpecker were up to half-an-inch square, the largest left on the ground by the great spotted woodpecker was no more than an eighth-of-an-inch across. The two birds are very alike in appearance, build and size, and one would have thought the chips would have been more closely comparable in size.

A very thorough investigation was made into the hollowing activities of six species of woodpeckers by Poznanin, of the Academy of Sciences of the U.S.S.R. He collected a large number of nest chips from six species of woodpeckers, and these he carefully weighed and measured. Nest-chips only were collected, because a young bird might produce smaller chips, and only adult birds make nest-hollows. He found the size of chip varied for a given species according to the state of the tree being hollowed, whether it was a hard wood or a soft wood, whether healthy or decayed. Even so, there were significant differences between the average sizes of chips cut by each species. Linking these with the anatomy of the birds, he came to the conclusion that the larger the body and the longer the beak, the larger the chips cut. On the other hand, the larger the head, the smaller the chips. There was, however, one important exception, which he explained on the ground of the total absence of a

frontal crest to the skull. It was not possible to apply these results to the two woodpeckers I had watched, for although I could obtain a skull of the great spotted woodpecker, I was not able to compare it with one from the golden-backed woodpecker. It did lead me on, however, to examine another problem connected with another species of British woodpecker.



TO SHOW THE ANGLE BETWEEN THE BEAK AND THE FRONT OF THE SKULL: SKULLS OF THE GREEN WOODPECKER (TOP); GREAT SPOTTED WOODPECKER (CENTRE); AND LESSER SPOTTED WOODPECKER SEEN FROM THE SIDE.

Photographs by Peter J. Green.

The green woodpecker is more often seen feeding on the ground or on the rotten stumps of trees than on tree-trunks. Some ornithologists have suggested



TO SHOW THE POSITION OF THE NOSTRILS, AND RELATIVE SIZES OF BEAK AND SKULL: SKULLS, SEEN FROM ABOVE, OF THE GREEN WOODPECKER (TOP; LEFT AND RIGHT); GREAT SPOTTED WOODPECKER (BOTTOM; RIGHT); AND LESSER SPOTTED WOODPECKER (BOTTOM; LEFT)—THE POSITION OF THE NOSTRILS SUGGEST THAT THE GREEN WOODPECKER IS MAINLY A GROUND-FEEDER.

reasonable enough until we come to examine the investigations made by Burt, of California, to whose work that of Poznanin was supplementary. Burt had the advantage of having nine North American species to study, which ranged from woodpeckers, the flickers, which spend relatively little time on vertical tree-trunks, to those like the three-toed woodpeckers, which feed almost wholly on the trees. The food of the flickers comprises two-fifths vegetable, such as

fruits, seeds and vegetable matter taken from the ground, and three-fifths insect, half of which is made up of ants and the rest of free-living insects taken on the ground, with a very few taken from the surfaces of tree-trunks. The three-toed woodpeckers, on the other hand, take 83 per cent. wood-boring grubs, 7 per cent. ants from the tree-trunks, and only 10 per cent. vegetable matter. Other species are intermediate between these two in respect of their diet.

Relating diet to anatomy, Burt arranged the North American woodpeckers in series showing that as the food changed progressively from ground-feeding to hollowing for wood-boring grubs, so the beak becomes wider and stronger, and also longer, and the nostrils move from the top of the beak to a position on either side of the beak. Other anatomical changes can also be seen. There is a strengthening of the bones supporting the beak; the pygostyle, representing the bones of the tail, is strengthened; the brain increases in size. The most telling change is, however, in the progressive decrease in the angle between the front of the skull and the beak, leading ultimately to a folding

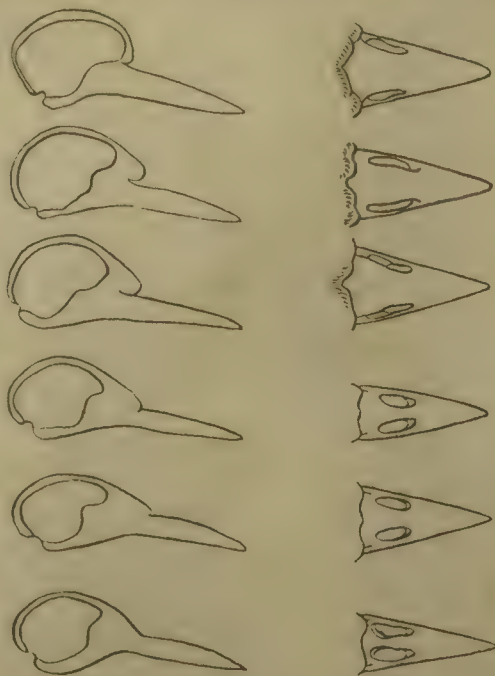
under of the frontal bones to form a frontal crest. The series illustrated on this page is abridged from that given by Burt, for reasons of space, but the principle is demonstrated sufficiently by it.

If we apply these results to our own three species of woodpecker we find that the frontal crest is well developed in both the great spotted and the lesser spotted woodpeckers, and is non-existent in the green woodpecker. This is more evident when the skulls are held in the hand and rotated than when illustrated by photographs, although even then it can be seen. If the trend in the North American woodpeckers holds for the British species, then the two spotted woodpeckers should be almost exclusively tree-feeders, and the green woodpecker should be mainly ground-feeding. This is supported further by the relatively wider beaks in the spotted woodpeckers, as well as the lateral position of the nostrils.

From Poznanin's results there is, possibly, further corroboration, since the relatively smaller size of the skull in the spotted woodpeckers should give relatively larger chips, which implies greater skill in hollowing. In this connection, the very small size of the chips produced by the spotted woodpecker I observed through the window may be construed as a sign that the pergola will need soon to be rebuilt. Certainly the wood in the region hollowed by my woodpecker comes away in a powder under the scraping of my thumbnail.

The recorded diet sheets of our three woodpeckers, although not reduced to percentages as Burt has given us for the Northern American species, do show a greater tendency in our spotted woodpeckers to feed on wood-boring grubs, and for ants and other non-boring foods to be taken by the green woodpecker. And the latter is especially known for its attacks on bee-hives, which is intermediate between ground-feeding and trunk-feeding.

Taking all the evidence into consideration, there seems no reason to postulate a changing habit in the green woodpecker—rather there is the continuance of an old habit made more obvious by the reduction in the number of trees.



A SERIES OF DIAGRAMS SHOWING THE TRANSITION FROM A GROUND-FEEDER TO A TREE-FEEDER, THE MAIN CRITERIA BEING THE FOLDING OF THE FRONTAL BONES AND THE MIGRATION OF THE NOSTRILS TO A LATERAL POSITION: THE SKULLS AND BEAKS OF NORTH AMERICAN WOODPECKERS, SHOWING THOSE OF THE YELLOW-SHAFTED FLICKER (AT BOTTOM) WITH, IN AN ASCENDING ORDER, THOSE OF THE RED-HEADED, RED-BELLIED, YELLOW-BELLIED, HAIRY AND THREE-TOED WOODPECKERS.

Diagram after William Henry Burt in University of California Publications in Zoology.

that this may represent a changing habit, resulting from the widespread felling of trees, and especially the felling of decayed trees in clean forestry. In other words, the shortage of food in the trees is driving it to feed more and more on the ground. This seems





WHERE THE PEOPLE BADE FAREWELL TO QUEEN MARY: WESTMINSTER HALL—FOR THE FIRST TIME THE SCENE OF A QUEEN CONSORT'S LYING-IN-STATE—AS IT WAS DURING KING GEORGE VI.'S LYING-IN-STATE LAST YEAR.

From 4 p.m. on March 29, until midnight on March 30, the people were able to bid a last farewell to their beloved Queen Mary at the public Lying-in-State in Westminster Hall. It was arranged that the coffin, draped with her late Majesty's standard and resting on a purple catafalque, was to be watched over by her Majesty's bodyguard of the Honourable Corps of Gentlemen-at-Arms and the Queen's Bodyguard of the Yeomen of the Guard. Early on March 29 the coffin

was to be borne on a gun-carriage from the Queen's Chapel at Marlborough House to Westminster Hall, where the procession was to be met by the Queen and other ladies of the Royal family; and the Archbishop of Canterbury was to conduct a short service. It is the first occasion that the Lying-in-State of a Queen Consort has taken place in Westminster Hall. Owing to the Coronation preparations, the Abbey, scene of the Lying-in-State of Queen Alexandra, is closed.



## HAUNT OF THE BEAU MONDE FROM 1828-1844.

An Appreciation by SIR JOHN SQUIRE.

THE records of the past may be studied in various aspects and from various angles. Some people are mainly interested in the History of Man; some in the History of Institutions; some in the History of Thought; some in the History of Nations; some in the History of Dynasties and Families. But to some—"not wholly serious" from the academic point of view—their historical reading is a means of extending their acquaintance with individual people, amusing, interesting, eccentric, elegant, high-minded, cunning or what-not, whose characters, appearances and modes of speech, through the medium of letters, diaries, memoirs and traditional anecdotes may become as delightfully familiar to them as those of the persons whom they meet—or, before death cut them down with his hourly scythe, used to meet—in common intercourse. Men who haven't even a platonic love for Plato's Platonism may turn again and again to the "Phædo" and the "Symposium" to hear the voices of Socrates and Alcibiades, as living to-day as those of many characters in Boswell or the friends at the club. Had we had more documents like Cicero's letters we might have moved as easily in certain circles of Ancient Rome. For many centuries after that writings were not plentiful nor the social life of cities leisurely or lettered. But after the invention of printing and the development of modern civilisation a rich store of material became available. A man, if he wish, may travel at ease from the societies of Renaissance Italy to those of Louis XIV.'s France and Charles II.'s England, and at every visit renewing old acquaintances and constantly making new ones. Many lively worlds, political, artistic, literary, or partaking of all these attributes, are open to him. If he is temporarily satiated with the theorisings of the Kremlin he may listen again to those of Metternich. If he wants a change from the studios of the Existentialists he may call at the studio of Cellini or that of Reynolds. If he has heard enough discussion about the future of *Tulyar*, he can return to the extremely fascinating chatter about *Running Rein* and his performances. And if the eloquence of Dr. Summerville and Mrs. Braddock just for the nonce palls, resort may always be had to the conversational salons of Mesdames de Sévigné and du Deffand.

Amongst the scenes which can be thus recovered, those of the first half of the nineteenth century in England are amongst the most spacious and well-populated: the documents are so numerous and good, and they are constantly being reinforced. The social world recorded was sufficiently large and variegated to provide company for all tastes; yet so limited that were a new substantial diary or series of letters to come to light, everybody could be sure of encountering old faces and hearing new and characteristic words from familiar lips. The Regent, Lady Jersey and Lady Conyngham would be there; or Fox and Sheridan; or Melbourne, Byron and Lady Caroline; or the Bessboroughs, the Devonshires and the Duchesses of Gordon; or Lord Lansdowne and Tom Moore; or Rogers, the Hollands and Sydney Smith; or George Bentinck, Tom Cribb, "Poodle" Byng, Charles Greville, Lady Blessington and d'Orsay, Brummell and Theodore Hook; or almost all of these and certainly, if only in the background, the Duke of Wellington. Many of these appear in the little volume in which Mr. A. L. Humphreys has strung together, with an easy commentary, extracts from a swarm of authorities, weighty or facetious. Crockford and his Club make as good a peg as could be found for what might serve as an introduction to novices wishing to enter the period. All sorts of people belonged to Crockford's, and glimpses are given of them which should certainly lure the inexperienced readers to the more opulent volumes on which Mr. Humphreys draws.

William Crockford was first known as a fishmonger with a shop near Temple Bar: jokes about fish, not to mention fishiness, followed him to the grave; he was even called a fisher of men. About his early career in the worlds of pugilism and punting there are many stories; as he was enormously successful, he aroused envy, and his early career may have been represented as being blacker than it actually was. However, by lucky bets and the successful running of various small gaming-houses, he was able to accumulate enough money to launch the noblest and most novel gambling-hell of them all. He built the fine premises which are now occupied by the Devonshire Club; he ran the institution through an august Committee which was very strict about membership; he provided those who wanted high play with a sort of Casino of which he was the bank, credit being easily obtainable and gamblers being supplied free, at all hours, with the finest wines and the masterpieces of a superb cook; and there was a part of the Club where those who did not gamble could pay for their suppers and deport themselves like the staidest of statesmen and ambassadors. The Duke of Wellington, needless to say, belonged. Sir Walter Scott said of him: "I may now say that I have seen and conversed with all classes of society, from the palace to the cottage, but I never felt awed or abashed except in the presence of one man—the Duke of Wellington, who possesses every one mighty quality of the mind in a higher degree than any other does, or ever has done." But Crockford's was respectable enough for him; and here he appears with the Alvanleys and the Luttrells, the Duncombes and the Cottons, the wits and the prodigals, the fools and the scamps, the politicians and the ambassadors.

Two things killed Crockford's. Crockford himself died, and Parliament, after an inquiry, jumped on gaming-houses. Just as well, perhaps; men of vast fortune were ruined there. But it was fun while it lasted, and its frequenters, many of whom dined all night after various activities in the daytime, certainly showed remarkable stamina. Mr. Humphreys, in spite of his sub-title, does not devote very much space to the operations of "the Goddess of Chance"; just as well, as stories of extravagant plunging tend to become monotonous. His anecdotes are varied. One eminent member had to cancel a dinner-party owing to the death of a relative. He sat down alone to a haunch of venison. "While eating, he remarked to his butler that it would make an admirable hash next day. 'Yes, Sir George,' said the man, 'if you leave off now.'" Disraeli and Bulwer Lytton were members. The Club gave them a fine assortment of characters of whom they made free use. But the gaming side never got on top. Lord Lamington, one of the last members to survive, wrote a dialogue, in which it was stated of supper there that "Night after night were met there all those who were noted for any superiority, intellectual or personal. Politics, literature, art, fashion, rank; the wit, the courtier, the poet, the historian, the politician, were found at the table." What wit might be available to-day for such ambrosian nights we cannot tell; there isn't the money basis for either the leisure or the provender.

This entertaining compilation could be improved by—well, rather more than "a ha'porth of tar." A book of this kind, especially one dealing with this period, certainly needs ample illustrations. There is an excellent frontispiece of old Crockford himself: a kindly caricature of him, standing, amiable, shrewd, and complacent, with one hand thrust into the breast of his coat and one into his trouser-pocket, while a desperate gamester sits behind him, facing away from the observer, his hat on the back of his head, his hair awry, making a last despairing fling with the dice-box. But of all the many other characters mentioned in the book, not one portrait is given, though we are repeatedly reminded that Gillray and others commemorated them. Such a passage as that about George Payne and Admiral Rous: "There is no better-known cartoon of the period than that which depicts them both arm-in-arm on the way to the Turf Club. It is labelled 'The Fathers of the English Turf,'" can only tease those who are not familiar with the features of that agreeable pair. More pains, too, in a book which is largely composed of quotations, should have been taken to make it always clear who is being quoted and when quotation stops. Finally, his work would be greatly improved by a general index. As things stand, if one wants to refresh one's memory about an anecdote concerning some buck or other, one has to go through pages to find it.

\* "Crockford's or, The Goddess of Chance in St. James's Street, 1828-1844." By A. L. Humphreys. With a Frontispiece. (Hutchinson, 15s.)

## A WINDOW ON THE WORLD.

THE TURF IN PERSPECTIVE. By CYRIL FALLS.

THOUGH I have been writing here since the opening days of the Second World War in 1939, I have never till now devoted an article to horse-racing, which is one of my interests. I have never worked so hard or had so little time to spare as in those thirteen-and-a-half years. In consequence, my visits to the race-course have been rare. Yet even during the war I saw some racing. Once or twice, I must admit, being called upon to make a trip to Southern Command, I contrived to go on a Friday, when there was a meeting at Salisbury next day. At that time, racing was confined to Saturdays, and Salisbury was one of the few courses open. For a time, Windsor was the only other in the south; then Ascot was added. I actually saw more racing during the war than I have since, and found relaxation in it. I never miss the racing news, but this article would probably not have been written but for a recent visit to Warwick. There a horse called *Chain Link* and a jockey called Tim Molony kindly provided the expenses.

The outward appearance of racing is much what it was when in youth I saw "Boss" Croker win at Leopardstown, in Ireland, and later watched his *Orby* run away with the Derby. Behind the scenes, however, profound differences have come about. Who would have then foretold that a man with money in his pocket and wanting a good ready-made hurdler would, almost as a matter of course, go to France to buy it? Who could have expected that bloodstock would be bought in the speculative style of the present day, not for any return they were likely to make on the racecourse, but on the basis of a gamble on selling them later at a profit for breeding purposes? Yet there are still more important changes to be considered. Those mentioned do not in themselves constitute any serious threat to the future of the Turf, though the last-named is symptomatic of others that do. The biggest and the most menacing developments are financial.

The ownership of race-horses has always been in the main in the hands of the well-to-do. Now and then a little man has bought a horse for a small sum and won remarkable successes with it. First-class racing has, however, been maintained by men with long purses, with big stables. In the past, they generally bred their own horses and often kept large private studs. The effect of increasing taxation, and especially of that which has been imposed since the war, has been to reduce the number of big individual stables almost to vanishing point. Big individual studs, where they still exist, can now be kept going only by selling off a large proportion of the yearlings. At the same time, let it be frankly admitted, the breeding of bloodstock has, from the national point of view, become the means of providing for a pastime. It still possesses some value as an export, but only for providing a pastime abroad. When I was young it had a more practical value, because the horse played a big part in national life.

Race-horse owners compete largely for their own money, contributed in entrance fees, though, of course, the successful among them may hope to take a great deal more out of the pool than they pay in. The more they take out, the less there is to go round among the rest, who constitute the bulk of the owners. "Added money," by comparison, forms a small proportion of the prizes to be won. This did not deter men from entering upon ownership in the past, because the pleasure of owning a winner and seeing it win was very great and people could then afford to indulge in it at an average high cost to themselves. Added money has greatly increased in recent years, and the owner has been assisted in some other ways, notably in getting his horses to the course. However, this advantage has been wiped out by the vast increase in costs. I am not going to give a list of statistics. All that I need say is that the increases in wages, oats, hay and straw, saddlery and tack have, since 1914, roughly quadrupled training fees.

It may be said that this represents only a reflection of the general rise in the cost of living, or of the depreciation in the value of money, whichever way you like to put it. That is indeed so, but effective incomes—those left after payment of income tax and surtax—have in the same period been drastically decreased. An individual has to be very wealthy indeed on paper nowadays in order to draw more than £5000 a year in net income. If he liked the breeding and looks of a yearling at Newmarket he might well find that he would have to bid the whole of that amount in order to buy it. Yet, though prices have dropped a little since the post-war days when people wanted to get good yearlings at any cost, prices as high as this and higher are still paid. One asks where all the money comes from, and is inclined to wonder whether owners have not discovered the philosopher's stone. It is certainly remarkable that in present conditions the bloodstock market should have been as well maintained as it has been.

Here I think another form of taxation has helped the Turf—temporarily. Death duties take so much from large estates that it is not really worth while to avoid those inroads into capital which would have shocked our fathers and paralysed with horror our grandfathers. Obviously capital expenditure cannot keep the Turf going for ever. It is recruited, as in the past, by men who have made capital accretions, some of them highly welcome, others not as desirable as the earlier generation of owners. Again as in the past, many owners strive to square their accounts by betting. Unfortunately, if it is important to win when the money is on, it may be equally important not to win when it is not. I will not go into recent scandals, but, justly or unjustly, people whisper of many more than come in the public eye. I do not pretend that there is anything new in this, but I am inclined to think that, in view of the changed conditions which I have described, betting plays a bigger part in the very economy of racing than used to be the case.

When the totalisator was introduced it was hoped that it would bring in a great deal of money for the support of racing. It has been useful in this respect, but the sum of its aid has been smaller than was expected and less than in some other countries. The slightly higher average tote prices are deceptive; they are higher because the tote does not take the big money for heavily-backed winners. For big bets the bookmaker gets the preference. The man with a big bet to place may get his money on early at a price better than the final starting-price, with a bookmaker. If he takes it to the tote he not only automatically shortens the odds against himself, but, what is far more important, has to risk the shortening of the odds by a flood of money after the market has been formed and the horse he is backing has become a popular fancy. If bookmakers were abolished there might be more money for racing—though bookmakers pay substantial fees to ply their trade—but totalisator prices would be shorter.

In the long run, the interests of the public, on the one hand, and those of owners, trainers, jockeys, stable-boys, and all the employees of the Turf, on the other, must be similar. If the owners cannot afford to employ trainers and jockeys and to pay for their entries, the public will get less racing and see fewer horses. Personally, if the money cannot be found to modernise some of the worst racecourses, I feel that these would be no great loss if allowed to perish. Nevertheless, given good weather—when the lack of amenities is not so apparent—a small provincial meeting has a certain charm which is lacking at Sandown or Hurst Park. For a good many people, it represents the only chance of going racing from the beginning of the year to the end. Efforts are being made to save the owner from having continually to put his hand in his pocket for expenses other than those which he must inevitably bear, and in this lies the only hope of the Turf's survival on anything like its present lines. Some tax reduction would doubtless be even more useful, but nothing that would help is to be looked forward to there, certainly not in the near future.

Everyone to his taste, and not everyone gets a thrill from a race meeting. Yet I often tell friends who have gone racing a few times and found it wanting in interest, that more experience than that is required. You have to have seen a good many races before you can appreciate finer points, before you can make a rough guess, when half-a-dozen horses are in a line a furlong from the post, which is going to win. I have no desire to be a "regular," and could not if I wanted to, but I know no happier way of spending a day off from labour.





THE SETTING FOR QUEEN MARY'S FUNERAL : ST. GEORGE'S CHAPEL, WINDSOR, WHERE MANY BRITISH ROYALTIES LIE ENTOMBED.

St. George's Chapel, Windsor, Chapel of the Most Noble Order of the Garter, begun by Edward IV, and completed by Henry VIII., has long been the setting for funeral services of members of our Royal House. It was announced on March 25 that the coffin of her late Majesty Queen Mary would be conveyed privately from Westminster Hall early on March 31, after the Lying-in-State, to the Albert Memorial Chapel, Windsor, and that the Military Knights of Windsor would guard it until the private funeral service conducted by the Archbishop of Canterbury,

assisted by the Dean of Windsor, in St. George's Chapel. Our photograph, which was reproduced in *The Illustrated London News* of April 24, 1948, shows the Choir of St. George's Chapel hung with the banners of the Knights and the Ladies of the Garter, from which that of Queen Mary has now been removed. The position of the catafalque is outlined. The slab on which it rests can be moved to allow the coffin to be lowered to the Royal vault. A space in the tomb of George V., in the second bay north of the nave, had been left for his Consort.





## THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.

COMING-OF-AGE.

By J. C. TREWIN.



## THE WORLD OF THE CINEMA.

COLOUR AND RIOT.

By ALAN DENT.



It cannot be twenty-one years since I stood, wedged among the rosemary-wearing crowd, by the steps of the new Memorial Theatre at Stratford-upon-Avon, and saw the Prince of Wales walking up to open the door with a golden key.

That was a sharp, bright, bannered April afternoon, Shakespeare's birthday and St. George's Day. Presently, within the theatre, before a performance of the first part of "Henry the Fourth," Lillah McCarthy came in front of the curtain to speak the Poet Laureate's ode, with its lines:

And may this House be famous. May it be  
The home of lovely players

and:

Friends, may this day begin an age of gold.

John Masefield's hope has been fulfilled. The house is famous. Externally it has mellowed since that April when its uncompromising aspect puzzled many visitors, and its brick was still harsh among Stratford's weathered walls.

An hour before the Festival of 1953 began on a March evening, I walked along the river bank opposite the theatre. The meadow was deserted, the evening deeply serene. Hardly a ripple flickered on the Avon, where a swan or two sailed up, with a puffing of feathers, towards the Tramway Bridge. No one was in the garden behind the theatre where the Gower statue of the seated Shakespeare (now over on the far side of the Bancroft) used to stand beside the first Memorial. All that is left of the much-loved, much-reviled "sugar-stick" theatre (of Benson and the band of brothers) that was burned out, twenty-seven years ago, to a shell of blackened brick, is built now into a dignified Conference Hall.

I looked beyond the theatre garden to Old Town and to the tips, hardly visible, of the tall poplars in the paddock behind Hall's Croft. They mark the site of the wooden Grand Pavilion built for the celebration (in 1864) of the tercentenary of Shakespeare's birth. Charles Dickens sat in that theatre one night. Earlier he had walked to Shottery, across fields sparkling with daisies. In silence I went on beside the empty river as far as the path opposite the Collegiate Church of the Holy Trinity. When members of Shakespeare's former company came to the town six years after his death to see his bust in the church, the Puritan Council of Stratford-upon-Avon prevented them from acting in the Guild Hall, and there is an entry in the records of the Borough Chamberlain of Stratford: "To the King's players for not playing in the hall, 6s."

1622, 1864. . . . Soon it was time to slip back to our own day and to "The Merchant of Venice" in the "new" Memorial, a theatre that would have started not only the Council of Shakespeare's Stratford, but also Edward Fordham Flower, who organised the Tercentenary Festival, and Charles Edward Flower, his son, founder of the first Stratford Memorial, opened on a drenching night in 1879.

As I waited for the curtain to rise on "The Merchant," I was remembering the opening performances of "Henry the Fourth" twenty-one years before. Not a very good one in the afternoon; a far better effort ("Part Two") at night. Some of that company, directed then by W. Bridges-Adams, are, alas, dead: a great Shakespearean, Randle Ayrton, who spoke the final words in the first Memorial and in the Temporary Theatre (a cinema in Greenhill Street), and the opening words in the new Memorial; the cut-and-come-again Falstaff, Roy Byford; Gerald Kay Souper, Old Bensonian; and Kenneth Wicksteed, who was reputed to have acted more Shakespearean parts than any other player of his period. Two or three others in that company have left the stage; but I was glad the other day to hear again, in the broadcast of "Titus Andronicus," Wilfrid Walter, the Hotspur and Pistol of those Birthday performances, an actor of vitality undimmed.

In that Stratford of 1932 we had two productions of "The Merchant of Venice," each memorable in a different way. On a Whit-Monday afternoon, very hot, very crowded, the Old Bensonians gathered around Sir Frank for his farewell to the Stratford he had known first as a young man in the spring of 1886. The play was done traditionally: all the scenes in Venice together; then all those in Belmont; at length the Trial. When Shylock left the "strict court of Venice," the curtain fell; nobody wished to go on to Belmont—it was an afternoon of high emotion, affectionate farewell, with F.R.B. as his familiar Shylock, and grouped around him such players as Lilian Braithwaite (Portia), Cedric Hardwicke (Tubal), Robert Donat (Lorenzo) and Sir Nigel Playfair (Arragon).

A few months later there was a "Merchant," under Theodore Komisarjevsky, as part of the Festival season. Stratford was unused to experiment. Komisarjevsky put the cats among the pigeons. Belmont tableaux ascended from the depths. The evening began with a Venetian carnival masque. At Belmont Nerissa made sure that Bassanio must choose the leaden casket by standing beside him and repeating "Tell me, where is fancy bred . . ." with suitable emphasis on the rhymes. In the Trial Scene Portia wore what have been called bicycle-wheel spectacles and a Henry Lytton wig. The Doge of Venice was senile and drowsy, and the Clerk of the Court was a dodderer. To-day we should be far less surprised; but this production was a fantastic affair to meet in the Stratford of 1932.

I found it easy to remember these things while waiting for the 1953 curtain-rise. In the mind the years ran in pageant: the first Bridges-Adams seasons in the new theatre, the coming of Iden Payne (whose daughter, Rosalind Iden, now Mrs. Donald Wolfitt, I saw as Lady Macbeth at the King's, Hammersmith, a few nights ago); performances by the young Pamela Brown, by Joyce Bland, Donald Wolfitt, Alec Clunes; the gallant war years, when Stratford stayed the course (during 1944 and 1945 under Robert Atkins); and then the renaissance begun by Sir Barry Jackson and developed until, in an internally reconstructed theatre, directed by Anthony Quayle and his "caretaker," Glen Byam Shaw, the Festival season lasts for thirty-three weeks and expects well over 350,000 visitors. What would they have said of this in 1932, or in the summer of 1553, just four centuries ago, and eleven years before Shakespeare's birth, when the little market town of Stratford, with no idea of the splendours to come, was incorporated as a borough?

But I was back in March 1953, and Antonio was speaking the first lines of the new Festival production. I will say simply of this (under Denis Carey) that it has, in Peggy Ashcroft, the loveliest Portia of her period; in Michael Redgrave a vastly elaborate, sibilant greybeard of a Shylock, who seems now to be a prophet in fury, now just a Fagin; and in Yvonne Mitchell a strong and vivid Jessica. This is, where it should be, a civilised and elegant revival. I have known (until the Trial scene when all came right) more urgently exciting Shylocks than Mr. Redgrave's, but his force of intellect is always obvious. And Miss Ashcroft's gentle and true lady of Belmont is precious metal. I do not mind what Bassanio says about this. Peggy Ashcroft could never come from a leaden casket. Here is a Portia from the age of gold—and the echo returns us to that afternoon (it seems yesterday) when we came first to a "consecrated gift of brick and stone" that to-day has the honour of the stage world.

### OUR CRITIC'S FIRST-NIGHT JOURNAL.

"THE MERCHANT OF VENICE" (Stratford-upon-Avon).—Back to the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre (in its coming-of-age year) and to a Festival production distinguished by the alertness and sensibility of the producer (Denis Carey), by the quietly enchanting Portia of Peggy Ashcroft, and by the massive, if over-decorated, Shylock of Michael Redgrave. (March 17).

"PARK LANE REVUE" (Park Lane Theatre).—Young players, working energetically in a mediocre intimate revue, have opened London's latest club theatre in the heart of Mayfair. (March 18.)

"MACBETH" (King's, Hammersmith).—Donald Wolfitt in an all-out performance of Macbeth, stimulating in its attack and fierce drive. Rosalind Iden is a good small-scale Lady Macbeth. (March 19.)

THE first and infinitely the most important thing to say about "Moulin Rouge"—directed by John Huston—is that it is a beautiful film. Too many of its critics, it seems to me, have taken its beauty, its immediate breath-taking quality, for granted—largely because they have assumed that every reader of film-criticism knows that Huston is a first-rate director who cannot go profoundly wrong with anything he takes in hand. Wherever and whenever there is discussion about the best films of the last decade, you are absolutely bound to hear mention of one or other of these—the thrilling and ingenious "Maltese Falcon," the haunting and powerful "Treasure of Sierra Madre," the devastating though unpopular "Red Badge of Courage," the witty and immensely popular "African Queen": John Huston made all four of these, and took his independent time over making them.

The beauty of "Moulin Rouge" is admittedly and primarily a matter of colour and line—but this is exactly as it should be in a film which purports to be the life-story of a great painter. The subject is Toulouse-Lautrec, and the film has an exhilarating opening, an exciting middle, and a deeply satisfying conclusion, in each of which we are given nothing more or less than brilliant reproductions of Toulouse-Lautrec canvases following each other in rapid succession. The process is Technicolor, but it has been softened and, as it were, "pastelised" by a process which is Huston's own secret; and I hazard the guess that the result should give pleasure even to painters who love their art far more than they love the art of the cinema. We glimpse the famous canvases to the accompaniment of witty little shafts of original and apposite music by Georges Auric—the nature of the music varying with the nature of the canvas, and the process being that known as "montage," if you must know!

The opening sequence of actual paintings merges suddenly into a scene in the actual Moulin Rouge in the year 1890. Seasoned critics have been heard to exclaim, and have been known to write, that this is the most exciting twenty minutes of sheer cinema in nearly a whole lifetime of experience. It is impossible not to get caught up into its whirl and impetus. The place is blue with cigarette smoke, and rampant with the clatter of voices and Offenbachian music. Two leading cabaret-stars, one white and one brown, bicker and quarrel, and even reach the length of tearing each other's hair to language that remains blissfully untranslated. The can-can troupe rushes in suddenly like the sea, and show a sudden flurry of lace like the froth of the receding waves. The blue smoke thickens. A slender young negro in tight brown clothes—the familiar figure called Chocolat from a famous canvas—executes a few ineffably graceful dancing steps. The two chief vedettes—La Goulue and Aicha—quarrel some more, and their two lean partners—Zidler and Le Désossé—retreat in half-mock and half-genuine alarm. The can-can troupe re-emerges like a boisterous sea to wash them all away.

And of a sudden we view a hand dexterously sketching various details of the scene on the table-cloth of a little, round table containing nothing else but a bottle and a glass. We travel from the hand to the face, and the face is an oddly prim one, in spite of its trim beard. The eyes are lively enough, but they are checked by the severity of the pince-nez glasses. This is the dwarf painter, Henri de Toulouse-Lautrec, at once the most regular and the most irregular customer of the Moulin Rouge. But the odd little genius has hardly opened his mouth before you realise that besides being Toulouse-Lautrec he is also that very clever actor José Ferrer as well. Mr. Ferrer, we know, was born in Puerto Rico, but his voice is too richly American for us in England readily to accept him in the guise of an intensely Parisian painter. The same thing happened when he played Cyrano de Bergerac, and the problem is practically insurmountable. We should accept any good and suitable English actor in the part—just as we accepted Robert Loraine and Ralph Richardson as Cyrano. But to have to translate the Frenchman into an American, and the American back into an Englishman impersonating a Frenchman, is too strong an effort for the maintenance of complete illusion. And so illusion, for some of us, though certainly not for Americans, must go by the board every time this Lautrec opens his mouth.

There is, too, the matter of the painter's deformity. The written biography, as I remember, declares that he broke both legs in the hunting-field in his boyhood, and that the limbs, although mended, refused to grow. The result was a little, stunted man who stumped about with difficulty, and who is said to have remained unmarried all his life because the other sex found him repellent. The picture perpetuates this dubious legend. It does not greatly matter that the film insists on the accident being a fall downstairs, so that, to make a pattern, we can have the fall repeated just before the painter's early death as a result of alcoholic excess. This is a somewhat enforced bit of symmetry, though it is really neither here nor there, and though the biographies say the original accident happened in the hunting-field. It should be said, too, that the matter of the painter's dwarfed stature is exceedingly cleverly managed. Mr. Ferrer has pretty obviously to walk on his knees supported by a pair of stilts. But the deformity, very rightly, is not dwelt upon to excess, and the illusion is very ingeniously managed.

No, the one emphatic objection to which one is moved hereabouts is the film's sentimental suggestion that Toulouse-Lautrec was a mangled waif whom no woman could love. A large part of the film is taken up with a yarn about a prostitute (mercurially well played by Colette Marchand, though she is never in repose for a split second, and must therefore have made the worst of models), who lives with him for a time and then cruelly deserts him. And another large part is taken up with the painter's second heart-breaker, a mannequin at Paquin's (serenely well played by Suzanne Flon), who fails to understand the cynicism behind which, we are told, he hides a loving heart, and who finally decides to marry an old admirer. These two tales—separated by a delicious sequence in "montage"—will doubtless make the film universally acceptable. But the truth—in so far as one can gather it from the incomplete biographical accounts—is that Toulouse-Lautrec regarded women very much as he regarded brandy-bottles—empty vessels to be thrown away as soon as they had been paid for and enjoyed. There is also considerable proof extant that far from being an object of pity and derision among the demi-mondaines of the inordinate 'nineties in Paris, the great little painter was what may be described—without too much beating about the bush—as a favourite and frequent customer. Most of the pity of which Toulouse-Lautrec was the recipient came directly from himself; and the facts tell only too plainly that his chief solace, after his art, lay in his alcohol.

However, it must be said that even the stretches of "Moulin Rouge" which are tinged with sentimental untruth are kept interesting because of the positively painterly care with which they have been photographed. Here credit is, I think, due quite as much to art-director Paul Sheriff and the photography-director, Oswald Morris, as to the general director himself, John Huston. Over and over again one finds oneself exclaiming out loud at the felicities of the film's composition. Sometimes, it is true, there obtrudes the irrelevant and miscast head of the glamorous Zsa Zsa Gabor, trying vainly to suggest that she is the glamorous Jane Avril in person—yet sixty years away in time and a thousand miles remote in space. Toulouse-Lautrec receives the obtrusion with a tolerant shrug. And so do we. For it is one of the few things wrong with a film to which, as a whole, it is very easy to surrender with complete delight and rapture.

Its conclusion is authentic and very moving. The great little painter is taken home to die, and his mother, the old Countess, tries to rally him with the news that he is the very first artist to be honoured, while still alive, with an exhibition of his paintings in the Louvre. But his thoughts are solely in the hectic past and not at all in the present or future. He is not stirred by the news of the Louvre exhibition, just as he cannot foresee the comprehensive show of his best pictures the other day at the Orangerie—a display which was undersigned, as it were, by a marvellous portrait of the artist himself by, as I remember, Vuillard.





A POIGNANT SOUVENIR OF THE CELEBRATIONS WHICH MARKED QUEEN MARY'S WEDDING: A PROGRAMME PRINTED ON SILK FOR THE STATE PERFORMANCE OF GOUNOD'S "ROMEO AND JULIET" AT COVENT GARDEN ON JULY 4, 1893.

The portraits printed on this heavy silk souvenir programme are: (in the top row) Queen Victoria in the centre, with King Edward VII. (then Prince of Wales), right and Queen Alexandra, left. In the centre are the Duke of York (later King George V.) and Princess May of Teck (later Queen Mary); and below, the Duke and Duchess of Teck, the Princess's parents. In the Royal box at the Royal Opera House for the actual performance, which

was staged two days before the wedding, were: the Duke of York and Princess May; the Prince and Princess of Wales; the Duke of Teck; the King of Denmark; the Czarewitch; the Duke of Cambridge; the Duke of Edinburgh; the Grand Duke of Hesse; and the Grand Duchess of Mecklenburg Strelitz. The stars of the performance were Mme. Melba (Juliette), M. Jean de Reszke (Romeo) and M. Edouard de Reszke (Frère Laurent).



## NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER.

## THE NOVEL OF THE WEEK.

IN earlier days, fiction was very commonly didactic—an improving pill, with a mere sugar-coating of event. No one objected to instruction then. The favourite hero was an *ingénu*, learning the world and told assiduously what to think of it. But now we are less willingly improved, and the old tales have become unreadable. They are so dead, that though this week provides a fresh example of the genre I am not sure it will be recognised.

Of course, there are big differences as well. To-day, the story has to be of real concern, not a mere coating on the "lesson." "Blanket Boy's Moon," by Peter Lanham and A. S. Mopeli-Paulus (Collins; 12s. 6d.), thoroughly fulfils this need; it has a tale to rend the heart. But it is still essentially didactic; and its Monare is an *ingénu* in the old style, an African Candide or Rasselas, making his green way through the world, and taught not only by experience, but by his wiser friends.

Even in youth, in his Basuto village, he has trials and problems. There is the snare of drink; there is the native leaning to polygamy. Monare is a Christian of a sort, but he would like a second wife. However, he is persuaded to abstain, cuts out the "beer-drinks," and gains high favour with the Chief. Then comes his introduction to Johannesburg, the City of Gold. In spite of sundry terrors and temptations, and even a few months in gaol, this is a thriving time; but one day he has had enough of it. So he goes home to his Lomontsa, in a fatal hour. The Chief orders a ritual murder; Monare is made captain of the hunt—and to crown all, the victim is a "heart-friend." Sick with remorse, he flees back to Johannesburg: and thence to Durban where, in a racial riot, he saves a Pathan household from the Zulus. And then, ironically, he can't stay, because his brave deed has been publicised. The next stop is Lourenço Marques. He is a Muslim now, with a new name, new friends, a new and radiant prospect of "assimilation." Then in a moment all is lost. Of his own will, he leaves "the pleasant land of Mocambique" and makes a last, irrevocable journey to the City of Gold.

Monare is a victim of transition; he has been reared under two laws, and one destroys him for obeying the other. No one can feel his end is just. It is a crying shame—one scarcely knows how to believe it; and it might well have led up to a scene of horror. But there is no such horror; and stranger still, there is no bitterness throughout. One author of this book is a Basuto of the Royal House; it is to him we owe the plot and, one may guess, much of the feeling. But the saga style—simple, imaginative, singing, overflowing with heart—seems to be Mr. Lanham's work.

## OTHER FICTION.

"*Désirée*," by Annemarie Selinko (Heinemann; 15s.), though a "global" hit, widely translated and (it would seem) unerringly devoured, is not at all on the same plane. But still, one can't miss the attraction. It was a bright idea, to use *Désirée* as a chronicler of the Napoleon story. She was not quite a Bonaparte, but near enough. She knew them all from the beginning—right from the lean days in Marseilles, when they regarded the two Clary girls, daughters of a rich bourgeois, as a slice of luck. Julie, the elder, married Joseph Bonaparte, and became "Queen of Spain"; little *Désirée* should have had Napoleon, only he jilted her. But he was always friendly and compunctious, and used to send her suitors in relays. Instead of which, she married Bernadotte, whom he would never have proposed, and became Queen of Sweden. Since, by good luck, she was a feather-headed, kittenish young thing, we can skip chunks of "history" as being beyond her. And yet, though ignorant and artless, she is always right—I mean, here, in the book. She has the indispensable ideas: hatred of war, cult of equality and freedom. And she is always, literally, on the spot. When Bernadotte went north, she stayed six months with him—and then fled back to Paris for eleven years. Therefore she saw Napoleon out and lost none of the drama.

Of course, these years of truancy rather collide with the suggestion of undying romance. In fact, she and her Jean-Baptiste had reached a state of cordial indifference. Not in the book, however; here it is made all right, and highly honourable to the absentee. In short, the story is romanticised at every turn. It has no *Zeitgeist*, and very little Bernadotte. But it is true enough to be going on with; and though so large, it is continuously entertaining.

"*Asphalt and Desire*," by Frederick Morton (Secker and Warburg; 12s. 6d.), is a tougher job; it is like eating lemons, or climbing a steep hill under machine-gun fire. For the narrator, Iris, is hell-bent on being brilliant all the time—and hard, and cynical, and up to snuff. She is a bright girl from a Polish-Jewish household in the Bronx, where everyone—the father bloated by defeat, the harpy wife, and Iris's young brother, the tormented clown—fosters a unity of screaming scenes. Iris detests them all, and every feature of her past. College was just another rat-race. But now the hour has struck; now she must beat the world, no matter how. She will get off with a rich play-boy; she will invade the influential Press. . . .

But all this dashing crudity is a façade. Beneath, she is thin-skinned, romantic, horribly afraid of life. Always her ventures break down at the sticking-point. And in a packed five days, she learns a good deal of sobriety and resignation. It is a really brilliant tale; but it is also grating and constricted.

"*Fatal Woman*," by Patrick Quentin (Gollancz; 9s. 6d.), shows up the native weakness of the genre. Act I., as I may call it, is without a flaw—natural, sinister and deadly. Peter Duluth, narrator and theatrical producer, has been left alone, while Iris takes her mother on a trip. On the first night, he meets a very young girl at a party—a dim, not pretty, unobtrusive little thing. He drifts into a pointless, innocent relation to fill in the time—and then the curtain falls on an abyss. Act II., revealing the full ghastliness of his position and its deadly toils, is very little of a come-down. But in Act III., of course, the matter has to be cleared up. It can't be helped—it is a first-rate story, after all; but this last stage is by comparison factitious.

K. JOHN.

## BOOKS OF THE DAY.

## "CHARMER VIRUMQUE I SING."

ONE of the few compensations for living in the present wicked world is that (if one survives) one will be able to tell one's children and grandchildren that one saw Mr. Churchill plain. And yet, as Miss Virginia Cowles' "*Winston Churchill: The Era and the Man*" (Hamish Hamilton; 18s.) demonstrates, it will never be possible for any observer of the times to be able to comprehend more than a few facets of this greatest of men. Miss Cowles has been much criticised by those who have known Mr. Churchill longest for this book. They say that it is inaccurate, or that it fails to give a complete picture of the hero. With respect, I reply that it does not purport to be a "definitive" (horrible word) life of the Prime Minister. Miss Cowles is a journalist, and an American journalist at that—and this is an excellent piece of reporting by an able American woman reporter.

If one is inclined to smile occasionally at the wide-eyed sophistication of her approach, one must thank one's lucky stars that the book is not by John Gunther. It so easily might have been. Miss Cowles is, rightly, devoted to Mr. Churchill—even to the point of being a little unkind about some of the greatest of her fellow-countrymen. And here I think she has been most unjustly criticised. The late President Roosevelt was a remarkable character. It would be an act of the greatest ingratitude not to remember the generous and far-sighted statesmanship which made a reluctant United States interpret neutrality in a way which was so advantageous to this country. Indeed, without the earlier Roosevelt we might well not have survived. Nevertheless, it would be true to say that what President Roosevelt gave in saving democracy during the war he took away by his ludicrously naïve approach to Stalin and by his pathetic delusion that the threat to post-war peace was not Stalinism, but "British colonialism"—whatever that may mean. I shall always recall the sense of shock—having been well indoctrinated by the propaganda of wartime on the subject of Roosevelt—when talking to a highly intelligent member of Mr. Churchill's entourage shortly after the Cairo conference. I asked him if he had seen much of Roosevelt. He said he had—having frequently been a message-bearer between the two. I asked him for his impressions. "A gaga old crook," was his frank reply. I was shocked at the time, and thought my friend was (how shall I put it?) striving for effect. But having read the passages in Miss Cowles' book covering this painful time, I wonder. At Teheran, she says, "the President continued the same tactics [as at Cairo]. He refused bluntly to meet Churchill alone, on the grounds that 'the Russians wouldn't like it.' Yet at the same time he had several meetings with Stalin from which Winston was excluded. The latter was astonished and hurt by this behaviour, which was contrary to his own code of friendship and loyalty. But Roosevelt went even further. When, after three days at Teheran, he felt he had not made as much progress with Stalin as he would have liked, he tried to ingratiate himself with the Russian dictator by making fun of Churchill. 'I began almost as soon as we got into the conference room,' he told Frances Perkins. 'I said, lifting my hand to cover a whisper (which of course had to be interpreted) 'Winston is cranky this morning, he got up on the wrong side of the bed.' A vague smile passed over Stalin's eyes, and I decided I was on the right track. . . . I began to tease Churchill about his Britishness, about John Bull, about his cigars, about his habits. . . . Winston got red and scowled, and the more he did so, the more Stalin smiled. Finally Stalin broke out in a deep, hearty guffaw, and for the first time in three days I saw light. I kept it up until Stalin was laughing with me, and it was then that I called him 'Uncle Joe.' He would have thought me fresh the day before, but that day he laughed and came over and shook my hand.' Ugh! I don't know whether to laugh or cry—or be terrified that *this* was a really well-educated, travelled, broadminded American.

The greater part of the book is however devoted to the first two or three dozen Winston Churchills—that is to say, to the period before fate in a happy moment of inspiration called him to be our wartime Prime Minister. It is not, as I say, a very serious biography. As Mr. Churchill said to Miss Cowles when she first mentioned the project: "There's nothing much in that field left unploughed." But it is most enjoyable and agreeable reading.

I should say the same of Lord Macmillan's reminiscences "*A Man of Law's Tale*" (Macmillan; 21s.). Lord Macmillan is an institution. One cannot imagine an important Royal Commission without him. This able Scots lawyer, with his gift for public service, writes amusingly and amusingly of his long public life. He also answers for me a query I have cherished since a day early in the war when I was one of a party of five or six who discussed propaganda with him in his room at the Ministry of Information, and was so astonished at the naïveté of his approach that I demanded of myself: "Why on earth was he appointed?" Lord Macmillan reveals the answer. He had had something to do with propaganda in World War I.—which was the reason

why Mr. Chamberlain made this more than usually ill-chosen appointment. And the typical charm of the book lies in the fact that Lord Macmillan delightfully admits that it was a crashingly bad choice! I hope that if it is ever given to me to write my memoirs I shall be able to be as pleasantly frank about my failures as he is—and have one-tenth as many successes to record.

I also wish that one day it could be given to me to write as well as my old friend Jim Wentworth Day—as for example in his "*Norwich and the Broads*" (Batsford; 15s.). We have shot and adventured together in those parts for so many years now that reading it is almost like coming home after a long journey abroad. "It is easy," writes Mr. Wentworth Day, "to become lyrical about a county you love." Easy—and at his hands a great experience.

Perhaps because of wildfowling (perhaps, indeed, because of geography), I always think of Norfolk as a coastal county. Anyone who loves our coasts could not do better than buy "*The Sea Coast*," by J. A. Steers (Collins; 25s.), an erudite but eminently readable account of Britain's coastline in all its aspects.

E. D. O'BRIEN.

## CHESS NOTES.

By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

ON the whole, chess masters have not been famous for longevity. Emanuel Lasker died at seventy-two, but Capablanca and Alekhine each at only fifty-three. They were world champions. Dr. Max Euwe, who held the world championship from 1935 to 1937, will probably live longer than any of these, for he takes pains to keep himself fit.

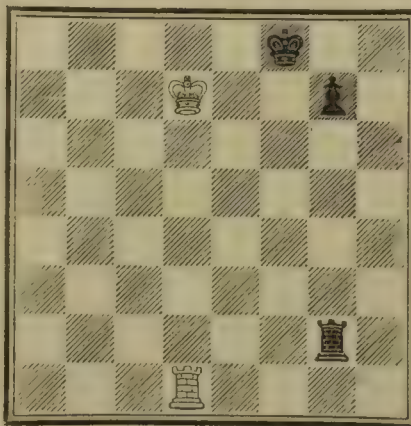
The most notable veteran of to-day is undoubtedly J. Mieses, who was born in 1865, played in his first tournament in 1878, was regarded as one of the world's leading players long before the turn of the century, and is still playing quite good chess in London. His greatest feat was his first place in the Vienna tournament of 1907, ahead of Schlechter, Vidmar, Tartakover, Maroczy, Spielmann, Duras and others.

At a celebration of his eightieth birthday in London in March 1945, he remarked wittily, "From some statistics I saw a few days ago, I get the impression that the vast majority of mankind leave this life between the ages of seventy and eighty years. Now that I have safely got through this obviously dangerous period, there is really no knowing how long I shall go on!" He had just completed a strenuous tour of England, giving displays of simultaneous chess in which he played a total of 191 games, winning 139 of them and drawing 34, losing only 18, in such scattered places as Leicester, Bristol, Stoke, Glossop, Grange, etc.

Undeterred, he started out shortly after the war to revisit his native Berlin and also Sweden, giving simultaneous displays wherever they would let him. All this, immediately after the war, involving miles of travel through a defeated and occupied country—which, all who sampled it will recall, represented travel at surely one of the lowest ebbs of discomfort reached in modern times. Trying even for a youngster, these journeys must have been a great strain on an old man of eighty-one.

He recalls with relish yet, the biggest stroke of luck he ever had in his life, from his first important international tournament, at Nuremberg at the remote date—for a single lifetime—of 1888:

He had White against the famous L. Paulsen.



In the diagrammed position, he played K-K6, with the natural aim of catching Black's K-K6, as it advanced down the board. Paulsen, thinking of nothing but keeping White's king from access to the pawn, replied with . . . R-KB7? and was mated by R-Q8.

On the whole, it is not surprising that Mieses should have waited sixty-five years in vain for another such amazing piece of luck!



# QUEEN MARY'S HOMES IN EARLY MARRIED LIFE, AND IN HER WIDOWHOOD.



YORK COTTAGE, SANDRINGHAM, WHERE QUEEN MARY AND KING GEORGE V. SPENT THIRTY-THREE YEARS OF THEIR MARRIED LIFE, AND WHERE FIVE OF THEIR SIX CHILDREN WERE BORN.



SURMOUNTED BY A FLAGSTAFF FROM WHICH HER LATE MAJESTY'S PERSONAL STANDARD HAD BEEN HAULED DOWN ON HER DEATH: MARLBOROUGH HOUSE, QUEEN MARY'S HOME IN WIDOWHOOD, WITH ALL BLINDS IN THE WINDOWS DRAWN.

When George, Duke of York married Princess May of Teck in 1893, he took his bride to a small house built by the Prince of Wales, a few hundred yards from the main mansion at Sandringham. It was originally known as Bachelors' Cottage, but when it was assigned to the young Royal couple, the name was changed to York Cottage. They became deeply attached to it, and it was their happy home for thirty-three years (Queen Alexandra occupied the main

house at Sandringham until her death in 1925), where five of their six children were born. After George V.'s death in 1936, Queen Mary moved from Buckingham Palace to Marlborough House, which remained her home until her death last week. Her late Majesty's personal Standard, which floated over Marlborough House when she was in residence, was immediately hauled down on her death; and the blinds were drawn in every window.





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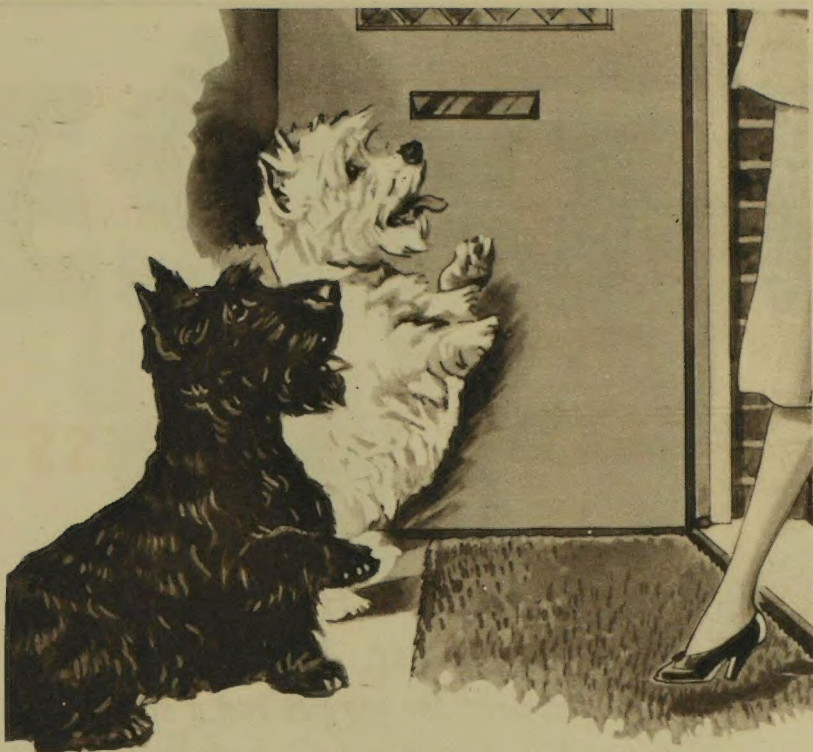
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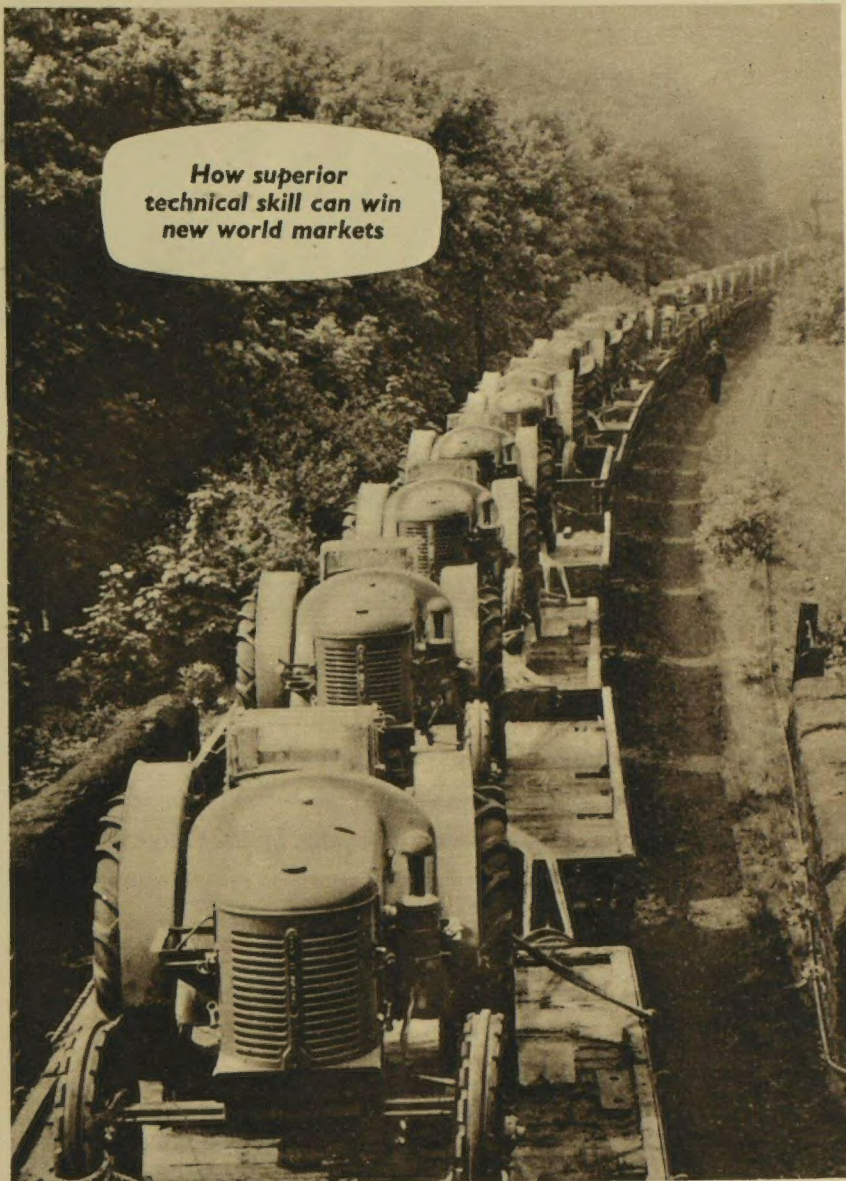
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*The Secret is in the Blending*

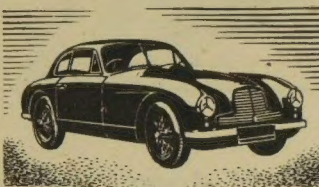
By Appointment  
to the late King George VI.



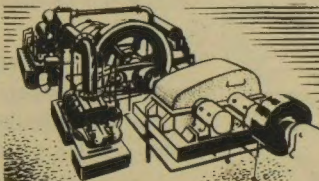
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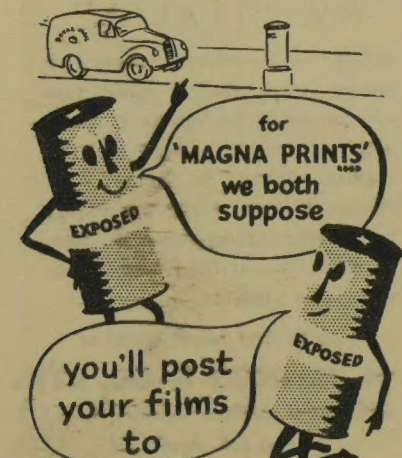
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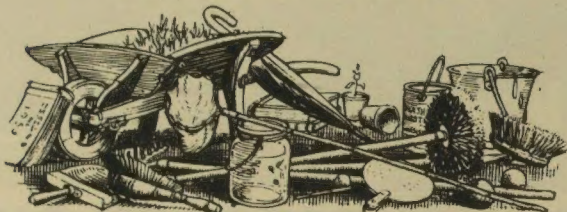




## April

Absorbed in their play, children know little of the complicated world outside their own homes and schools. Parents and others responsible for them bear this in mind and wisely turn to the Midland Bank Executor and Trustee Company when making provision for their future.

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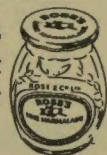
"Short swift strokes, said Hawkins, and you'll finish the job in no time. I fear he omitted to mention the need for goggles and a specially binged neck... Hawkins! Can you hear me! I'm turning prematurely white! Mix a small pail of gin and Rose's to steady the nerve of a very distempered man!"



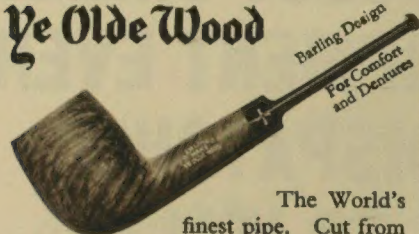
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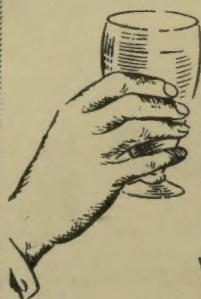
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